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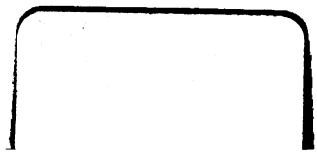
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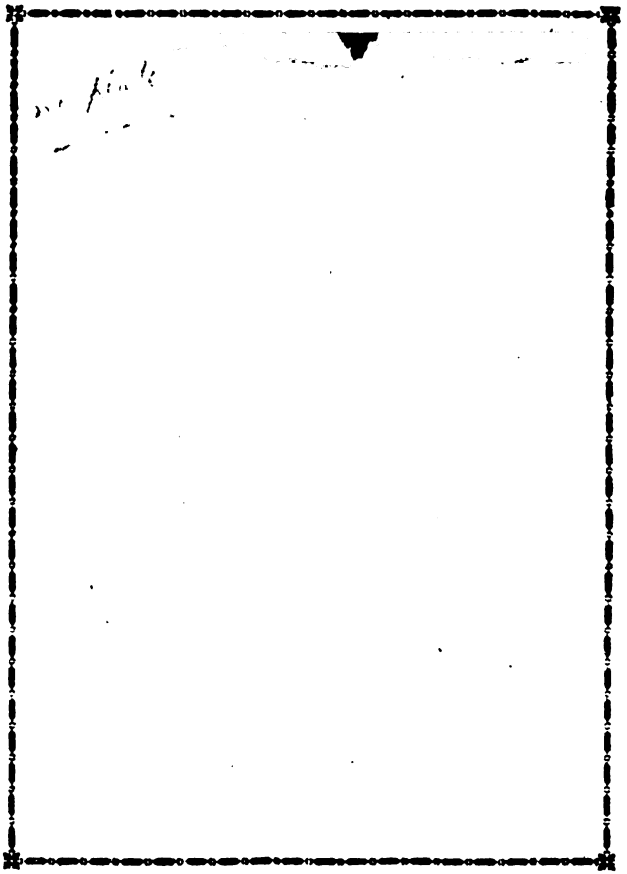
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HOLLYHOCKS AND GOLDENGLOW

A LITTLE more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future with more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.

A PRAYER OF GRATITUDE

I believe in the hands that work; in the brains that think; in the hearts that love.

I AM thankful for the blessed light of this day, and I am thankful for all the days that have gone before

I thank the thinkers, the publishers, the inventors, the poets, the singers, the painters, the sculptors and the businessmen, who have lived and are living.

I thank Pericles and Phidias, who made the most beautiful city the world has ever seen, and were repaid with persecution and death.

¶ I thank Aristotle, the mountain-guide and schoolteacher, who knew how to set bad boys to work.

I thank Immanuel Kant, who was never more than ten miles from his home, for luring the world to his door.

I thank Emerson for brooking the displeasure of his Alma Mater

I thank Jamie Watt, the Scotch boy who watched his mother's teakettle to a purpose.

¶ I thank Volta and Galvani, who fixed their names, as did Watt, in the science that lightens labor and carries the burdens that once bowed human backs.

I thank Benjamin Franklin for his spirit of mirth, his persistency, his patience, his commonsense.

I thank Alexander Humboldt and his brother, William Humboldt—those great brothers twain, who knew that life is opportunity

I thank Shakespeare for running away from Stratford and holding horses at a theater-entrance—but not forever.

I thank Arkwright, Hargreaves and Crompton, from whose brains leaped the looms that weave with tireless hands the weft and warp that human bodies wear.

I thank Thomas Jefferson for writing the Declaration of Independence, for founding a public-school system, for dreaming of a college where girls and boys would study, learn and work in joy

I thank Benedict Spinoza, gardener, lens-maker, scientist, humanist, for being true to the dictates of the tides of divinity that played through his soul.

I thank Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer for liberating theology from superstition.

I thank Tyndall the Irishman, Draper the American, Herschel the German, Bjornsen the Scandinavian, and Adam Smith the Scotchman, for inspiration and help untold.

¶ These men, and others like them, their names less known, have made the world a fit dwelling-place for liberty. Their graves are mounds from which flares Freedom's torch.

¶ And I thank and praise, too, the simple, honest, unpretentious millions who have worked, struggled, toiled, carrying heavy burdens, often paid in ingratitude, spurned, misunderstood—who still worked on and succeeded, or failed, robbed of recognition and the results of their toil. To all these who sleep in forgotten graves, my heart goes out in gratitude over the years and the centuries and the ages that have passed.

¶ Amen and Amen!



A NEW RELIGION

An American Religion: Work, play, breathe, bathe, study, live, laugh and love.

THERE is a new religion. It has come without blare of brass, without fanfare of words, without shoutings, without argument, agitation or violence. This new religion is slowly and surely conquering the world. It is being preached from every pulpit in Christendom, and is being advocated by all rabbis, priests, preachers and teachers. It is so reasonable, so gentle, so simple, so obvious, that it is being accepted without opposition—aye, without the realization that it exists.

In form, the old creeds still remain, but their soul is honeycombed by doubt. The old is being construed in the light of the new. The ruin of the past is a quarry to which we go for material to build the temple of the new.

This new religion assumes that what is good in this life is good in another. It deals with but one world at a time. The object

of its adoration is humanity. It does not try to make peace with the skies; it teaches man that his success lies in making peace with his neighbor. It is a religion of self-preservation, and thus has it engaged as counsel the strongest passion of the human heart

Curiously enough, the men who have done most to bring this religion about are not aware that they are religious in their tendencies, actions, or mode of thought. The new religion is not a "revealed" religion, in the sense that it has been whispered by the Infinite to one or two. It has been born to the multitude; and the businessmen of the world are its chief promulgators. It requires no interpretation, explanation or defense. It came in with the one-price system; it was accepted when honesty was discovered to be an asset. It recognizes the Brotherhood of Man, and is built on the solid bedrock of the solidarity of the race.

¶ Lies lead straight to limbo. Nothing pays but truth. In all transactions, of every kind and nature, both sides must profit. That which we give out comes back to us again. We are punished by our sins, not for them.

This new religion tends to eliminate fear, doubt, hate, prejudice. It has sympathy, imagination, hope, faith and love. It has the power to put itself in the place of the other person. In it there is no tyranny, no force, no threat. It wins only by the virtue that it possesses. Those who practise it thrive. Through it the world is being redeemed. Sickness, distress, regrets, misunderstanding, sorrows, before it flee away. The chief characteristic of this new religion is its antiquity. It has always been known by the elect few. But now the masses, the many, are accepting and practising it in their lives. It is taught in all public schools, in business colleges, in shops, stores, factories, banks, and in the market-places of the world. It is taught on railroad-trains, in sleeping-cars, day-coaches, in the caboose, on the farms, by chauffeurs, by the men who sow and reap

It is the Religion of Commonsense. Its tenets are industry, economy, efficiency, reciprocity, appreciation, kindness, good-cheer, mutuality, co-operation, all illumined by love.

THE WORLD'S WISH

Why not have this a World of Friends?

PERMANENT peace among the nations, and peace with honor, is the one consuming wish of the world.

The cost of war outlasts its oldest pensioner.

A pension expires with the pensioner, but war fixes a taint in the blood of a people that works a havoc beyond that of its most persistent fighter

The man too weak for war remains at home and perpetuates his kind. The warrior, unfitted by wounds and disease longer to fight, returns to assist the man who escaped conscription through weakness, and these two march their disabilities adown the winding ways of time.

And thus does the nation that conquers lose no less than does the one that was overcome

Only one party is victorious in war, and that is Lucifer and his allies, Woe, Want, Hate, Fear, Disease and Death.

Today the strength of a nation does not turn on its ability to fight, but on its power to render a service to other nations.

It is productive skill that counts—not destructive ability

The army of the modern State is a medieval appendenda vermiformis. It is the most costly and futile item in the government "overhead," and the most dangerous thing to national health.

Nations today are interdependent. Each one fulfils a certain economic purpose. Permanent prosperity for all nations turns on permanent peace.

Our solicitude is for the happiness and prosperity of the individual, not the ambition of its so-called rulers

And happiness, health and prosperity for individuals demand disarmament.

Creation, production, distribution, industry, economy, health, happiness—these are the things which are redeeming the world.

Big bodies of armed men are the greatest violation of commonsense that can be imagined

They are recruited and maintained by the forces of production, in order to destroy

that which labor creates and human hearts hold dear

Only selfish interests maintain armies.

The World-Vision beholds the folly and the futility of war.

Today we have generated a World-Spirit, and it only remains to give this World-Spirit a voice, through an International Congress, to make it effective as a counselor and conciliator.

This Confederation should not endeavor to correct the wrongs of the world, save by calling attention to them. It will thus allow each nation, without humiliation, to correct its own faults

No nation now can afford to slight a world-wide public sentiment. All nations want the good-will of all other nations, simply because the prosperity of the people demands amicable trade relations. Our interests are now so involved that if Germany should land an army in Great Britain and loot the Bank of England, it would ruin every bank in Berlin.

¶ To make war on a country destroys that much of your market. To injure another is to harm yourself. And the nation that works the undoing of another is making the first

move towards its own dissolution. The nation that sins shall surely die.

We are ruled by Public Sentiment. And as no individual can succeed in an enterprise with Public Sentiment against him, so no nation can hope to achieve success and prosperity unless it is moving in accordance with the best ideas of the best people of all other nations.



A MODERN PROPHET

The Closed Mind is at enmity with God.



VERY great man has recently visited America. ¶ He came from Persia. Persia fought Greece, unsuccessfully, three hundred fifty years before Christ. ¶ It was Persia that gave Alexander the Great his opportunity to become so. ¶ Persia, at that time, was falling into a decline. High prices were upon her. The value of foodstuffs had aviated, and starvation, dissolution, want, woe and death were hammering at her gates.

There is something wonderfully persistent in this land that produced Cyrus the Great, Darius and Xerxes.

In Persia are wonderful valleys, rich beyond compare, irrigated by the snows from the mountains. And although we may say that Persia is a little too near the Equator to look for genius, yet altitude neutralizes latitude, and in parts of Persia there is enough snow and rock and ice to supply

difficulty and the struggle that makes for evolution.

So out of Persia comes Abdul Baha, who calls himself "The Servant of God."

His followers are called "Bahais."

This man has diverted one-third of the population of Persia from Mohammedanism. Throughout all Asia, Europe and the United States, there are constantly growing bodies of adherents to the faith of Abdul Baha

This man is the modern Messiah. He comes to the Western world on a distinct mission, and no one who meets him can doubt his sincerity

The message he brings is the unification of the East and West in the bonds of brotherly love, mutual aid, reciprocity and an understanding which means peace on earth and good-will toward men.

It presages a worldwide upspringing of vital religion.

According to Abdul Baha, we are now living in a period of time that marks the beginning of the millennium—a thousand years of peace, happiness and prosperity.

¶ After that, Abdul Baha does not say

what will happen, but he does not preach disaster

He thinks that after the thousand years, still better things are in store for us. He has the world-vision and sees clearly this new time upon which we are now reaching. He beholds the dawn of the Great Peace upon the horizon of the world. His business is to proclaim it.

The refrain of his message is always and forever: "The day of the Lord is at hand. God's kingdom of peace and love shall be established upon the earth, and the dreams of all the prophets and poets are to become true."

Literally, poetically and symbolically, the desert shall blossom like the rose, and the waste places shall be made green, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

One distinguishable and peculiar thing about Abdul Baha is that he does not make war upon, or even criticize, any other religious faith.

Every faith fits a certain attitude of mind and has a peculiar province to fulfil. It is all a part of the work of the Creator, and it is good in its time and place; and at the

right time it will be sloughed and left behind and the imprisoned soul will burst its bonds, and the captive shall be made free.

¶ Abdul Baha is now sixty-eight years of age. He began his public work when eighteen. For just fifty years he has proclaimed his faith

But from his forty-second year to his sixty-sixth—twenty-four years—he was in prison. But even his jailers dared not forbid him sending out his messages of faith.

In prison he was still in touch with the world of thinkers and the world of doers.

¶ Even in prison he was treated with a reverence and awe that is not very difficult to understand when you meet the man.

Abdul Baha is a most remarkable individual. He has magnetism, plus. His zeal, enthusiasm, animation, hope and faith run over and inundate everything

No man can argue with him. No man can dispute with him. Every one has to agree with him—and every one does. He is what he is. He was born to this work, and for this work, and considers himself divinely appointed.

His father was Baha'u'llah. His birth was

in answer to prayer. His father was a prophet of God, and proclaimed, to the best of his ability, the new time.

But Baha'u'llah knew that he would pass away before the world was ready to accept the new tidings of great joy. And so he prayed for this son who should come and carry on this work. And so the son was born, on May Twenty-third, Eighteen Hundred Forty-four

This was the year in which Mohammed Ali, known as the "Bab," began his brief and comet-like career through Persia.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-four, Mohammed Ali announced that he was the instrument of a new religious idea; he was the divinely anointed Messiah; he called himself the "Bab," which means the Gate or the Doorway that leads from the old to the new

Mohammed Ali was, of course, a Mohammedan. He was born to wealth and position and high estate—a mullah or priest of the highest rank.

There is a similarity in all great religious movements.

Religions, in their beginning, are philoso-

phies touched with emotion; and this same emotion or sense of sublimity manifests itself from time to time, especially in all religions of the Orient.

Begun in humility and with a great desire to serve and benefit, they become great and powerful, and then become the antithesis of what they profess

Islam presents two sides, the theoretical or theological side, and the practical side or the side of morality and action, and what is just and proper and beautiful and right.

¶ The Mohammedan doctrine concerning God, His nature and attributes, is very similar to that of the Jewish and Christian religions.

Mohammed gave the five cardinal points of Islam, and these are:

First, There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet.

Second, Continual prayer.

Third, Daily almsgiving.

Fourth, The fast of Ramadan.

Fifth, The pilgrimage to Mecca.

According to the Mohammedan faith, Allah has no offspring, except in the poetical sense that all mankind are his children.

Jesus is regarded as one of many Messiahs. He is not repudiated or thrown aside, but is reverenced with all of the other Christian apostles, only perhaps he is greater than any.

¶ Islam teaches that, as the New Testament superseded the Old Testament, so has the Koran superseded both.

Mohammedanism lays special stress on another world. Angels and spirits that protect and guard us play a big part in their economy. These angels, we are told, are created of fire and endowed with a kind of unseen body, and they stand between God and man

There are four chief angels: Gabriel, the angel of revelation; Michael, the protector and guardian; Azrael, the angel of death; and Israfil, the angel of life.

Various sprites, giants, fates are taught and believed in as actual beings or persons.

¶ Islam believes in the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel and the Koran.

Six great prophets are recognized. These are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. And Mohammed is the last and greatest of them all and the propagator of a final dispensation.

The condition of the dead in a future world and the punishment of the wicked are pictured with a detail which no modern evangelist in the West is quite willing to follow

The plan of judging at the last great day is distinctly described. Unbelievers, atheists, infidels, each have their separate and appointed places in perdition.

And the extent to which the Oriental imagination has worked out the geography of these worlds to come is amazing. Christian hagiology fades off into a mild sort of fairy-tale as compared with the vividness of the belief of the Mohammedan

That is what makes the Mohammedan such a hard individual to evolve. He thinks he knows all about it. He smiles serenely at all knowledge of the West. Science to him is a barren ideality. He is a fatalist vaccinated with a superstition that has put scars all over his soul. This world, to him, is of really no account, and this life is only a vestibule

And while he believes that women have no souls and will not enter Paradise, yet in Heaven are specially provided houris, dark-

eyed and lustrous, who will minister to the delights of the Elect.

This contempt for the female of the species is the most damning count in the Mohammedan faith

A good Mohammedan scorns his mother, repudiates his sisters, and regards his wife, or wives, as vile instruments—necessary, in degree, but vile just the same and unfit to pass into the realm of the blest. He certainly does not believe in votes for women.

At the same time, paradoxically, Mohammedanism teaches kindness, gentleness, good-will, forbearance and patience

Just how these gentle virtues are made to fit in with the extraordinary orders given from time to time to destroy and kill and burn, we can understand through a knowledge of what religious fanaticism is capable of.

¶ That Mohammed himself was a very wise and able man, there is no doubt. He was a merchant, with a farseeing grip on practical things. His genius for managing worked itself out in rules of life which place the Mosaic code in the shadow.

As the man grew in power, so did his faith in his own divine mission extend until there

came a time when his reason was, no doubt, absolutely unseated.

Men, like planets and political parties, are held in place only by the opposition of forces, and any individual who has eliminated competition is on the road to bedlam.

¶ Mohammedanism ranks fourth today in the number of its followers, Christianity coming first, Confucianism second and Hinduism third.

And now comes Abdul Baha and leads a revolt from Islam and takes with him as followers, today, the intellectual pick of Mohammedanism. He is to Persia what Emerson was to America—only more so.

¶ It is believed to be but a question of time when the Bahais will be supreme, and orthodox Mohammedanism will take its place in the museum of theological things that were.

This revolt against the literal interpretations of the words of Mohammed and the Koran is very similar, indeed, to the revolt that has gone on throughout Christendom against a literal interpretation of the Bible.

¶ America has never produced a religious leader with the zeal and health and insight

and patience and intellectual reach of this man Abdul Baha—save with one exception, and that was a woman.

Abdul Baha spoke before the Peace Conference at Lake Mohonk, in New York City, in Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. ¶ He does not give his message to the lowly and the ignorant.

The man is regal in his way of living and in his mental attitude. He travels with a retinue of servants, secretaries and followers, all caftan-robed. Evidently, he is well supplied with money. He has everything he needs and wants. Wherever he goes he rides in automobiles and stops at the best hotels. He is in touch with big people, and meets all classes and kinds of people on an equality. ¶ Let him visit any bank, factory, office-building, church, and everything is laid aside and eyes bulge and ears listen until he takes his departure.

When he went to Washington and swept through the Capitol, even the Supreme Court of the United States saw fit to adjourn; the House the same; and the Senate—for a while, at least—forgot matters of investigation

When Abdul Baha went to the White House, one might have thought that he was going with the intent to take possession of it

But his is not a kingdom of this world, so far as a desire to rule is concerned. Governments are mere matters of detail, matters of business, and they do not much interest this servant of God.

Yet, for the business genius of the West, Abdul Baha has a great regard.

He says we must teach the people of the East how to plant and sow and reap.

And when Abdul Baha made a Little Journey to the International Harvester Company offices in Chicago, he was told that already his prophecy was coming true; and on a map of his own country there was pictured to him just what Chicago is doing in the way of supplying agricultural implements to his people. Brass tacks showed agencies throughout the Orient

Abdul Baha listened with wide-open, tear-filled eyes. Everything he sees proves to him the truth of his own message. The fact that we are supplying Persia automobiles, plows, reapers, threshing-machines, traction-

engines, locomotives, trolley-cars, proves, for him, his case.

And so he, in degree, repays us by bringing to us the message of love and good-will. ¶ War, he says, is to be done away with absolutely. The governments of the world are merely to be business institutions. In fact, mankind no longer needs government. We are learning what is best, and what is best is righteous and right. Sin is merely the wrong thing, and sin brings bad results. That is why we should avoid sin.

There is no greater wickedness than that men should kill one another, destroy one another, seek to thwart and embarrass one another. National lines are silly and absurd. Let every man live his life and do his work the best he can. We must be no cause of grief to any one. We must love humanity so much that we will be kind to all people, even to those who do wrong, having full faith that they, in time, will see that error brings pain, and love and unselfishness bring happiness and every good thing

Abdul Baha is a non-resistant. He says we must be silent concerning the beliefs of others; we must pray for them and help

them through kindness to correct their faults. Also, at the same time, we would do well to consult the mirror and correct a few of our own limitations. We must look always at the good and not at the bad. ¶ Christian Science interests Abdul Baha greatly. It is a somewhat humiliating thing for us when we think that this new American religion was never heard of by Abdul Baha until very recently. Now he has practically embraced it. He says it represents one arc of the great circle of truth, and that if he had learned nothing else from his trip to America but the truths of Christian Science, he would be amply repaid

He says he comes to us as a learner more than as a teacher. Nevertheless, he is obliged to give out the light that has been given to him. He keeps the good by giving it away

He quotes Ralph Waldo Emerson freely, delights in Walt Whitman, and loves the memory of Tolstoy, and is on terms of great tenderness toward every good and noble thing that makes for human betterment

No man of recent times has shown such a magnificent affirmative spirit as this Abdul Baha

The man is of medium size, very strong in form, muscularly built, active, with great commonsense. He has a large and impressive head, well-developed features, eyes set wide apart, and luminous.

He listens with much appreciation and sympathy, and when he speaks it is slowly, distinctly, and most impressively. He knows what he is saying. His heart is full and his emotions are brimming, although kept well under control

Genius is akin to madness. But this man's poise, power, unselfishness, and worldwide vision mark him as something more than a religious enthusiast.

Those twenty-four years in jail, when he was separated from the practical world of work, made him take on the habits of the scholar. Prison to him was merely a place to study, an opportunity for learning.

He speaks many languages, and certainly speaks English better than most Americans do

Thousands of his followers were shot,

beheaded or banished during his imprisonment. But the recent revolution in Persia and Turkey gave him his liberty.

So he comes, seemingly out of college, fresh, uncontaminated by the world of work and worry

He has the ambition, the faith, and the heart of youth. He looks at things with the innocence of a man who sees them absolutely for the first time.

He is reverential, respectful, filled with a great and holy zeal. And this zeal takes the form of a message of unification to the world.

¶ There is no doubt, among thinking people, that this man represents, in great degree, the growing and evolving spirit of our times.

¶ Aside from his religious zeal, the fact still remains that the nations are getting together in a way that they never have before in history. Of course, there are physical factors that make this possible.

¶ We can call up the Mikado of Japan by telegraph, and get his reply in two hours.

¶ If the Czar of Russia wishes to talk with the President of the World's Panama Exposition, he can be accommodated and his questions answered the same day.

Quick transportation, the telegraph, the telephone, and the manifold uses of electricity are bringing men together in a way that was never possible before.

Abdul Baha is certainly one of the great modern prophets. We do not doubt his divinity, any more than we doubt our own.

¶ Ernst Haeckel, perhaps the world's greatest thinker, cool, analytical, represents the opposite pole of the Bahais.

Ernst Haeckel believes in Monism, and Monism is the One. There is only one thing in the world and this is Divine Energy, and this Divine Energy takes a million myriad forms

When Abdul Baha was asked what he thought of Ernst Haeckel, he bowed his head in reverence, and said that Ernst Haeckel was one of God's anointed.

This is the mental attitude of Abdul Baha, to give everybody due credit, and he sees the hand of God in everything, everywhere.

¶ The influence of this man for the next ten years will be great and profound.

Evidently, his twenty-four years in prison were a benefit and an advantage.

Horace Greeley was once locked up in a

prison in Paris, and from his prison-cell he wrote, "Thank God, at last, for once, I am free from intrusion."

Abdul Baha has had a wonderful experience, and that he has been born again in his old age is certainly true. Time will check his enthusiasm and diminish his divine ardor, but before this happens he is bound to make the world his debtor.

And Abdul Baha, in degree, not only cleanses Persia from the taint of superstition, but comes across the sea and proclaims to all the world a Universal Peace through the acceptance of Commonsense, poetized, as a counselor and guide.

Religions grow by the budding process. They are grafted on to a parent stem.

Moses rebelled from the religion of Egypt.

¶ Jesus rebelled from the religion of Moses.

Paul rebelled from Judaism, adopted the name and led the little following of the martyred Savior.

Constantine seized the name and good-will, and destroyed rebellion and competition by a master-stroke of fusion. When you can not successfully fight a thing, all is not lost —you can still embrace it.

Savonarola was an unsuccessful rebel from Constantine's composite religion.
Martin Luther, John Calvin and John Knox successfully rebelled against the Roman Catholic Church
Methodism and Congregationalism broke from John Knox and the religion of Queen Elizabeth and her lamented father.
Unitarianism in New England was a revolt from the rule of the Congregational Church, and Emerson and Theodore Parker were rebels from Unitarianism
Abdul Baha is a rebel from orthodox Mohammedanism. He has modernized the religion of Islam. Mohammed Ali tried the same thing, and was shot in the public square at Shiraz, the day being set apart as a Feast or Holy Day.
But you can not get rid of a strong man by killing him. If he is of the right fiber he is never so much alive as when he is dead
Baha'u'llah took up the work of Mohammed Ali and was banished.
Abdul Baha gathers around him a band of followers, and the ambitions and aspirations of Mohammed Ali and Baha'u'llah,

refined and spiritualized, are now carried to successful victory

It is not for us to accept Abdul Baha's messages literally. In the world of economics, we in America are infinitely beyond anything that can come to us from the Orient. But the divine fire of this man's spirituality is bound to illuminate the dark corners of our imaginations and open up to us a spiritual realm which we would do well to go in and possess.

So here is health and happiness and long life to Abdul Baha, the servant of God! We can not but echo back to him the love, the good-will and the high and holy faith which he brings to us.



INFINITE POWER

The test is this: Which do you love most—
Victory or Truth?

ANY person, in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear out of his life will be distinguished. All good things shall be his. They will flow to him. ¶ Power gravitates to the man who can use it; and love is the highest form of power that exists.

If ever a man shall live who has infinite power, he will be found to be one who has infinite love

The way to free yourself from discord is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind—not that. Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work. If your intent is right your action will be also. ¶ Hell and heaven are not localities—they are states of mind.

Once we thought work a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a precious privilege. There is more joy

in useful effort than in the painstaking avoidance of it.

Creeping into the lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition. We need each other, and by giving much we will receive much

That old maxim, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," is founded on a stern psychologic law. Everything we give out comes back to us. Give out love and love returns. To grasp and grab and seize is to lose.

¶ We are reaching enlightened self-interest. And so there is a strong setting of the social tide toward useful effort and the elimination of the parasite. This through the knowledge that we can thrive through service, and not through exploitation.

Everywhere, schools and colleges are doing things—not merely talking about them. The education de luxe—the education for show—will soon be consigned to limbus. Already we say, "That man is the best educated who is the most useful." And the true test of education will lie in its possessor's ability to serve

Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes your way. Men

who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others engaged in the same occupation. Sacrifice and self-abnegation are not needed

Simply be filled with the thought of good, and it will radiate. You do not have to bother about it, any more than you need to trouble about your digestion.

Do not be disturbed about saving your soul. It will certainly be saved if you make it worth saving

Do your work. Think the good. And the evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by the good.



THE ONLY DEMOCRAT

To act in absolute freedom, and at the same time realize that responsibility is the price of freedom, is salvation.



BOVE all things, this age stands for temperance, industry, economy—efficiency.

The parasite and the barnacle were never in such bad repute as they are today. Men who insist on throwing money to the English sparrows supply amusement, but they do not command respect.

For the first time in the history of the world we are agitating the proposition of getting government on a business basis.

¶ We are eliminating the economic slack, and taking up lost motion.

The highest ambition of every good businessman today is to be a good public servant, and this was the controlling impulse in the heart of Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Jefferson carried no excess baggage. He was five feet ten, and weighed one hundred fifty pounds. He used all the body he had ❧

He rode horseback until his eightieth year. Two particular horses that he owned and loved have come down to us in history. One is "Wildair" and the other horse is "Eagle."

This horse, Eagle, Thomas Jefferson rode up the hill to the Capitol. There he tied old Eagle to a post and went in and took the oath of office as President of the United States

Not only did he do this once, but four years later he did the same thing, riding the same horse

Was any horse ever so honored before? To have carried on his back the kingliest man that America has produced, on such a momentous errand, not only once, but twice—and twice was enough.

The last time that President Jefferson took the oath of office he had to elude a valiant captain of militia who insisted on acting as escort for him

Jefferson simply beat him to it, and after taking the oath of office he mounted old Eagle, turned his head toward the White House and rode at an easy trot down Pennsylvania Avenue. He met the escort

in brass buttons, gilt and braid, and feathers coming up the street, looking for their man. Jefferson declined their invitation to turn about and ride at their head, circling the Capitol, on the plea that he had work to do.

To him there was something greater than military display, something nobler than to make a noise and attract attention. And that one thing to him was to serve humanity

Jefferson was a great writer, and had a peculiar, distinct, literary style, all his own. He gave us a lesson in the use of the period. His verb always fetches up. He said things clearly, distinctly, succinctly, forcibly and well. The idea was clear in his mind, and he had skill to express it just as clearly on paper

He could not make a speech, however. He was no orator. And the few times he attempted to speak in public he always carried his manuscript with him. There was one time when he attempted to make a speech without his manuscript and failed, sitting down without giving his message.

¶ Jefferson had founded the University of

Virginia, and the enterprise was fairly under way when some of the students were guilty of gross misconduct.

Jefferson believed in the honor system He founded the public-school system of America on this idea. He had such faith in humanity that he believed if the scholars were not too much interfered with, they would do what was right, best and proper. Jefferson believed in the divinity of the child. His faith was in the "demos."

Jefferson said, "That country is governed best which is governed least."

He believed in doing away with corporal punishment. He did not believe in the death sentence. He did not believe in slavery, and by his will all of his slaves were freed. And these slaves he had not bought; they came to him by inheritance and were a part of his family

But on the particular occasion in mind, when the boys had forgotten their better manhood and had visited an indignity in the way of hazing on one of their members, Jefferson appeared in the assembly-room of the college and asked the principal's permission to speak to the boys. He began

by saying, "Young gentlemen, you are sons of Virginians"—here his voice faltered, he hesitated, again tried to speak, and bursting into tears sat down

Nothing that mortal man could possibly have planned could have been more effective. His possible word of rebuke to the students was unuttered, but every one in the room who had anything to do with the particular misdemeanor was humiliated, abashed and undone.

Jefferson always enjoyed good health, and even in his old age, after his eightieth year, Nature was kindly, for Jefferson was a worker and a thinker to the day of his death. Jefferson was always gentle, always considerate. He founded no Ananias Club. He once said, "No man is so wholly right that he can say that any one else is wholly wrong."

If ever a man grew old gracefully, that man was Thomas Jefferson. His hope for the race, his faith in the plain people, never faltered

What his country must do is to catch up with Thomas Jefferson.

THE TREND OF THE TIMES

Undying fame is possible only for those who are not afraid of being unpopular.

A UTOPIAN has been described as a man who, when he suggests a thing, considers it done ❧ However, before any great reform is carried through it must first be suggested. ¶ Then, always, it is opposed, because we oppose everything that we are not used to. ¶ Usually the man who first suggests a great reform goes down to defeat, and the men who fought him to a finish take up his idea and carry it through to successful victory ❧

Before the people of the world today, and especially before the people of the United States, there are seven great tasks offered for our undertaking.

These have all gone through the stage of ridicule and indifference. We have accepted them, at least in a mental way, and it now remains for us to push these betterments through to a successful conclusion.

We have the truth in our heads, but we have not yet quite got the dexterous technique. In other words, we have n't the habit

These seven great reforms are:
First, Votes for Women
Second, International Disarmament
Third, Good Roads
Fourth, Tree-Planting
Fifth, Children's Gardens
Sixth, Oral Righteousness
Seventh, Agriculture in all Public Schools

Any person in America who has not enlisted on the side of three or more of these great reforms, and is not talking and working for them, should have his mentality rated in guinea-pig power

There is a double value in working to bring about a great social betterment. Not only do we help bring it about, but in the process we evolve ourselves.

Some one asked Wendell Phillips what his recipe was for deathless fame. His answer was, "Choose an unpopular but worthy cause, and then live for it, fight for it, and die for it."

The seven reforms just named do not call

for sacrificial victims. They do, however, call for earnest thought and persistent endeavor. Alexander the Great died sighing for more worlds to conquer. We shall never die from Alexander's disability

Self-pity is the meanest of the vices. Self-pity is introspection.

The motto of Edward Everett Hale, "Look up, not down, out, not in, and lend a hand," is in order now as never before

And the most helpful sign of the times in which we live is the fact that these seven betterments are receiving attention and approval from pulpit, pew, newspaper-office, schoolroom, shop and factory, with scarcely a dissenting voice. Men and women appreciate them and know that they must come about.

The only opposition is the tug of inertia.

¶ The world is surely moving, and moving in the right direction.

The net result of these reforms will be the Health Habit and the Happy Habit.

And when, as a people, these two habits are acquired, we will be well out on the highway towards the Celestial City of Fine Minds

EDUCATION AND FARMING

The cities may have their little mobs and riots, but the farmers will plow and sow and reap and feed their stock, and go forth to their labors until the evening. The farmers have ever and always been the hope of the world.



TWO important bulletins have recently been issued by the Department of Education at Washington. ¶ One is entitled, *Country Schools for City Children*, and the other is *Agricultural Education in Secondary Schools*. These are sent free on application.

The first was prepared by Doctor William Starr Myers, Professor of History and Politics in Princeton University.

The second is by Professor A. C. Monahan, who is a specialist in Rural Pedagogy, of the United States Bureau of Education

Professor Monahan says: "In the High Schools of the United States, thirty-seven thousand pupils are taking courses in agriculture. Altogether, however, there are half a million students who should be following these same courses. The difficulty

we find is, not that children are not interested and that their parents are not anxious for them to take up agricultural courses, but that instructors can not be found who have both a Normal-School training and a knowledge of agriculture. Very few college graduates know anything about the soil and its constituency."

Professor Monahan does not say so, but he evidently thinks it—"The ignorance of educated people is appalling." Food is our primal need, but most college graduates are totally ignorant concerning food production. You can graduate at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Oxford or Cambridge, and not know literary peas from beans

The production of food has been left to the ignorant, the illiterate, the repressed, the mentally uncouth. The scholars have given theology a thousand times as much attention as they have agriculture. Clinology means more to them than biology. Hence the hissing of Darwin by William Jennings Bryan. Educated people simply take food for granted. They know all about ancient Palestine, Greece and Rome, but nothing about North Dakota

And yet there is no study that brings as quick and as sure a reward in way of red cheeks, shining eyes, strong muscles and useful knowledge as practical farming

Professor Monahan goes on to explain that the most important thing just now is to secure properly trained men and women who can teach agriculture in High Schools.

He explains that such teachers now command from fifty to one hundred per cent higher salaries than those who teach the regular high-school and grade courses.

So we see that the harvest is white, but the laborers are few.

Schoolteachers are plentiful and can be secured all the way from fifty to one hundred dollars a month. But teachers who not only can meet the book requirements, but who know enough of technical and practical agriculture and farm practise to make a study of farming attractive, command two hundred dollars or more a month. And yet it is easier to teach farming than it is to teach Greek—one is abstract and the other is concrete, being spread right out before you

The Roycrofters have a school for boys,

wherein the general plan is simply to work at the books—according to the regular high-school methods and plans—one session, from eight o'clock in the morning until noon; then in the afternoon four hours are devoted to some plain, practical work on the farm

We have something like five hundred acres for our farm school, including a hundred acres of wood-lot, which gives ample opportunity for instruction in forestry and tree-planting

We have cows, swine, sheep, horses and poultry—all in large numbers.

There is diversity enough and opportunity enough to give ample instruction in every branch of theoretical and practical farming.

¶ We have had more applicants than we can take care of. But the main difficulty has been that expressed by Professor Monahan, who says, "Men and women competent to teach practical agriculture, seemingly, all have good positions and can not be lured away, even with offers of double salary."

College graduates with teachers' certificates are plentiful. These people know

books and many of them know athletics, and athletics has taken the place of anemia in the pedagogic formula. Combined coachers and teachers are not hard to find, but a man who can work with head, hand and heart is a *rara avis*. When it comes to showing boys and girls how to do practical work, schoolteachers are at sea in a collapsible boat. The worst is that for two thousand years teachers have been trained to have a sort of contempt for anything that pays in the line of physical endeavor, and this taint is in the blood

These teachers will tell you that they are competent to take charge of your school, but they expect all outside work to be looked after by farmers. "We have nothing to do with that," and they wash their hands in innocency. Last Winter I saw a hundred colored men clearing Harvard Yard of snow. I asked a certain professor of Political Economy why the students did not do this work. He looked at me in pity and replied, "Why, here, teachers, tutors, professors, students and parents have entered into a pact to the effect that at college no useful thing shall be done."

If a youth is not brought up to work before puberty, he probably will never be able to acquire the habit afterward

He justifies himself in his own inability, prides himself on his own inefficiency, wraps his ignorance around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Men who can teach history, political science, mathematics, and can coach a football team, will faint away if you ask them to take charge of a gang of boys and dig a ditch

Pulling a crosscut-saw is absolutely out of their orbit. If you ask one of them to go and bring you a clevis, a whiffletree or a jockey-stick, if he goes at all he will come back with a pickax.

He is educated in theories and in the futilities, and the idea of making work pay right here and now, and getting an education out of your work, is a thing that he has never considered, and he is humiliated and abashed when you ask him to focus at a practical task and clean it up

At the best, all he expects to do and hopes to do is to fill in the time and keep the boys out of mischief by keeping them busy at

anything. He cleans up no tasks, finishes no jobs

He has a sort of contempt for the practical farmer who takes the boys in hand in the afternoon.

And the farmer, in turn, reciprocates the sentiment, and during the afternoon the boys will very likely hear a great many unkind slams flung off in the direction of that "college professor."

These are all stored up in the boys' convolutions, and passed out gently the next morning, when the professor is instructing them in esoterics

It is also quite likely that the boys will think a great deal more, and have a higher regard for the rough old farmer, or the hired man with his proverbial good appetite, than they do for the man who knows only books. But this would not be so if the college professor were able to meet the hired man and the farmer on an equality and work right with them.

It is quite absurd to speak of a sick man, or an inefficient person, as an educated man

The economic waste of educating people

into invalidism is beyond compute. All that which destroys the nerves and digestion in way of education is money and time wrongly expended

There is one book that no individual interested in the education of the young can afford to miss, and that is Herbert Spencer's *Essay on Education.*

Spencer starts off with the postulate, "The first requisite is to be a good animal." Ironical people have called attention to the fact that Herbert Spencer was n't. But this does not weigh in the scale against the truth of his dictum

Any system of education that does not tend to make the child a good animal is faulty in the extreme.

The world is fast coming to the belief that the object of education is to make the individual acquainted with this planet upon which he lives, and which feeds and sustains him, in order that he may better adapt himself to life.

The more accurate knowledge he has about this world, its history, the men and women who now live and those who have lived, the better educated the individual

Then if he can apply his knowledge in a way that will aid him to live better, happier, and better fit himself into his environment in order that he may never be a menace, a responsibility, or a care to society, but on the other hand, add to the wealth and happiness of his neighbors, so much the better.

¶ Education today is not for show—it is for service.

The Bulletin entitled, *Country Schools for City Children*, by Professor Myers, will come as a brand-new idea to most people.

¶ As one rides on railroad-trains in America, everywhere along the road as you approach big cities, you will find young people going to the city to attend Normal Schools, Business Colleges, Academies or Universities.

¶ The idea seems to be that in order to get an education you have to go to Boston.

¶ Now, behold, a reversal of the proposition. We find schools being established in the country, and children leaving their homes every day early in the morning and going out to the country and spending the day. The first school of this kind to be established was the Gilman Country School for Boys near Baltimore.

This school was started fifteen years ago. It is in a plot of ground covering seventy acres. It began on an investment of twelve thousand dollars, and has grown until it has a fine equipment and is a decided success

Similar schools have been started in a dozen cities in America, and the idea is fast spreading.

It is a great joy and satisfaction for a child to leave the city and go into the country. Then he comes back home at night and tells of what he has seen and done. He lives in two separate environments, and it is conceded by every one that we are changed through a change of environments

Transplanted people rule the world.

For a boy or girl to remain right in the district of his home and be educated there, is to possess a very faulty form of education.

¶ This city child goes out to the country, and is secure against the allurements and diversions that are bound to distract him from his books and studies.

He is away from that cheap little form of dissipation, the adjacent candy-shop, where he goes at recess-time, if he is in the city,

to spend his spare pennies and invite dyspepsia and indigestion.

He is taken off the pavement, away from the sidewalk, out into the fields. There in the country, many of his studies are out of doors. Half a day is spent at the books and the other half out of doors, working on the farm, doing the necessary tasks that should be done, with enough play mixed in to season the whole

Children who attend these country schools will surpass far, in physique and mentality and general health, any child whose days and nights are spent in the city. He gets a change, he gets away from his parents and from the home atmosphere, which however beautiful and excellent can not be appreciated when he is there all of the time

He is relieved of the danger of playing on the street and of being run over by street-cars, automobiles, wagons, and of the further danger of association on vacant lots with the demoralizing and the unfit. Going back and forth on the train, trolley-car, automobile or carryall, he is safeguarded by an attendant. And if there are a dozen, twenty, fifty or a hundred pupils, the

expense of this supervision is very slight, indeed. Country schools for city children are so in the line of commonsense that the idea is bound to grow and spread

As yet, all of these country schools for city children are owned by individuals or corporations. But it is the belief that the public-school system will take on this betterment in the course of time.

The fact is, most women take up schoolteaching until they can get married. And the men who are schoolteachers are taking a course in law, medicine or theology, with intent to quit the schoolteaching as soon as the profession is within seizing reach.

¶ We must make schoolteaching eminently honorable, and the salaries, all the way from one hundred fifty to three hundred dollars a month, that are being paid to competent men and women who can teach both academic studies and agriculture, show that we are moving in the right direction.



DEATHLESS FAME

People whose souls are made of dawnstuff and starshine may make mistakes, but God will not judge them by these alone.



VERY good thing has been condemned in its day and generation.

Every innovation has to fight for its life.

Error when once set in motion continues indefinitely, unless it is blocked by a stronger force; and old methods of thinking and doing will always remain unless some one invents a new way, and then lives and dies for it.

And the reason men oppose progress is not that they hate progress, but that they love inertia.

Even so great a man as John Ruskin foresaw that the railroads would ruin England, by driving the stages out of business and killing the demand for horses, thus bankrupting the farmer.

Thomas Jefferson tells us, in his Autobiography, of a neighbor of his who was "agin" the public schools because, "when every one could read and write, no one would work."

¶ Bishop Berkeley thanked God there was not a printing-press in Virginia, "because printing-presses printed mostly lies, and their business was to deceive the people."

¶ In the time of Mozart, musicians were classed with stablemen, scullions, clowns and cooks. They ate below stairs, and their business was to amuse the great man who hired them, and his assembled guests.

The word "business" was first used in the time of Chaucer to express contempt for people who were useful. The word was then spelled "busyness."

To light cities by gas would set them afire

Electricity was dangerous, and to put up wires was to invite the lightning to come into our houses and kill us all dead.

But a few decades ago any man who advertised in the newspapers was looked upon with suspicion, and even yet we have associations of professional men who stamp with their disapproval any individual among them who pays for his advertising.

Such a one is called an "irregular."

If we look back through history we will find that every good and beautiful thing

has at one time or another been under the ban, and assailed as an evil.

And the argument seems to be this: if you think a thing is right, never mind what the many say—stick to it

To achieve deathless fame, choose an unpopular cause that you know is just, then work for it, live for it, die for it!



THE ESSENCE OF MARRIAGE

An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me this: "Do brilliant men prefer brilliant women?"

First, disclaiming the gentle assumption that I am brilliant, I say, yes

The essence of marriage is companionship, and the woman you face across the coffee-urn every morning for ninety-nine years must be both able to appreciate your jokes and to sympathize with your aspirations. If this is not so, the man will stray, actually, or else chase the ghosts of dead hopes through the graveyard of his dreams.

Prettiness palls, unless it is backed up by intellect. The merely clever woman is nearly as bad as the clever man. All these people who carry most of their goods in the show-window are headed for jobs at the button-counter

By brilliant men is meant, of course, men who have achieved brilliant things—who

can write, paint, model, orate, plan, manage, devise and execute. And by the way, an executive is a man who decides quickly—and is sometimes right

Brilliant men are but ordinary men who at intervals are capable of brilliant performances. Not only are they ordinary most of the time, but often they are dull, perverse, prejudiced and absurd. However, they are sometimes right, and this is better than to be dead wrong all the time.

So here is the truth: Your ordinary man who does the brilliant things would be ordinary all the time were it not for the fact that he is inspired by a woman

Great thoughts and great deeds are the children of married minds.

When you find a great man playing a big part on life's stage, you 'll find in sight, or just around the corner, a great woman. Read history!

A man alone is only half a man; it takes the two to make the whole.

Ideas are born of parents.

Now life never did, nor can, consist in doing brilliant things all day long. Before breakfast most men are rogues. And even brilliant

men are brilliant only two hours a day. These brilliant moments are exceptional. Life is life to everybody. We must eat, breathe, sleep, exercise, bathe, dress, and lace our shoes. We must be decent to folks, agreeable to friends, talk when we should, and be silent when we ought

To be companionable—fit to live under the same roof with good people—consists neither in being pretty nor clever. It all hinges on the ability to serve. No man can love a woman long if she does not help him carry the burden of life. He will support her for a few weeks, or possibly years; then if she does n't show a disposition and ability to support him, her stock drops below par.

¶ Robert Louis, the Beloved, used to tell of something he called "Charm." But even his subtle pen with all its witchery could not quite describe charm of manner—that gracious personal quality which meets people, high or low, great or small, rich or poor, and sends them away benefited, blessed and refreshed

Ellen Terry, turned sixty, has it. The Duse, homely, positively homely, in features, rests her chin in her hand and looks at you

and listens in a way that captures, captivates, and brings again the pleasures of past years

I am encouraged and delighted when I think of how women everywhere are learning to work, work with head, hands and heart, preparing themselves to be fit companions of men who are able to do brilliant things

The work of women's clubs has been of vast benefit to men, for it has cut them out a pace. Woman is no longer a doll, a plaything, a teddybear; she is the intellectual companion of man, and he must prepare himself to be her companion and helpmeet.

¶ There is no sex in soul.

Men and women must go forward hand in hand—single file is savagery.

A brilliant man is dependent on a woman, and the greater he is the more he needs her.

¶ The only man who has no use for a woman is one who is not all there—one whom God has overlooked at the final inspection.

The brilliant man wants a wife who is his chum, companion, a "good fellow" to whom he can tell the things he knows, or

guesses, or hopes: one with whom he can be stupid and foolish—one with whom he can act out his nature. If she is stupid all the time, he will have to be brilliant, and this will kill them both. To grin and bear it is gradual dissolution; to bear it and not grin is death.

We are all just children in the Kindergarten of God, and we want playfellows.

¶ If a woman is pretty I would say it is no disadvantage unless she is unable to forget it. But plainness of feature does not prohibit charm of manner, sincerity, honesty, and the ability to be a good housekeeper and a noble mother

There are many degrees of brilliancy, but as a general proposition this holds:

A brilliant man wants a wife who is intellectually on his wire—one who, when he rings up, responds.

This is Paradise!

A DAY AT THE CIRCUS

Health and Happiness can be found only out of doors.



SPENT a bright pea-green hour, a short time ago, at the Sells-Floto Circus.

This show has a few things that distinguish it from all others of the sawdust ring ✱

The Sells-Floto folks have the fattest, sleekest, happiest lot of animals you ever saw in your life. Not only are they not underfed but they are not overfed; moreover, they are fed in the right way and at the right time. And best of all they are well loved. Even the baboons are loved.

And Luther Burbank says that nothing thrives that is not well loved—except cockleburs and groundhogs.

Last year the Sells-Floto carried more than two hundred horses through a season from April First to October First, without losing an animal or having a single accident ✱

Two exhibits interested me very much. One was a mother monkey and her baby. The

baby was just a month old the day I made my visit. The keeper told me that the mother and the baby monkey had never been separated night or day. That is to say, the baby monkey was always in the mother's arms, or riding on her hip or on her back, with his arms around her neck. ¶ At night the little fellow slept closely folded in his mother's embrace.

When the baby was first born they gave the mother monkey and her little heir-apparent a special cage; but they soon saw that she pined for the society of her kind, and so they just put her in the cage where she was before, with a dozen other monkeys

And she was boss of the cage. The things she said to the other monkeys are unprintable, but mixed up in it all was a deal of pride in her offspring, and the other monkeys in the cage sat around in a circle and preserved a discreet and sincere admiration for the baby. But they kept their distance. ¶ I handed a peanut to the mother and she shucked it gracefully, and then, in the most delicate and gentle way possible, offered the little baby monkey some. The

baby monkey did not care for peanuts, not having evolved to the peanut age; but nevertheless, the mother offers the baby something of everything that she herself eats

When she has n't anything to do, she monkeys with the baby. She kisses it, caresses it, combs its hair, polishes it up until it actually shines. No human mother, giving her baby a bath, ever took a greater pride or had a greater joy in the care of her kiddy than does this simian.

And the little monkey returned the affection

When the visitors came too close, the little monkey would look in distress and doubt, and then throw his arms around his mother's neck and bury his face in her shoulder, hoping we would pass by. Then he would peek out, and if we were still there, he would close his eyes and again hide his face.

¶ Alfred Russel Wallace, in his book on the Malayan Peninsula, has some most interesting things to say on the habits of monkeys and orang-outangs.

It will be remembered that Alfred Russel Wallace wrote a book paralleling Darwin's

Origin of Species, not knowing that Darwin was writing a book on a theme similar to his own

Wallace was fully convinced, years before Darwin's book was issued, that man was an evolution from a lower form of life.

The young of the orang-outang are quite as intelligent, and a deal more self-reliant, than babies of the human species.

All the little tricks that belong to the human family in the young are found duplicated in the orang-outangs

Alfred Russel Wallace never quite forgave himself for having shot a female orang-outang that was carrying in her arms a baby. The little youngster's grief over the loss of his mother touched even the heart of the yellow men who were servants to the naturalist

They carried the baby home with them, and fed and cared for him, as they would a human infant.

The baby demanded that he be rocked to sleep at night and sung to. He would waken and cry also, unless he felt the touch and caress of a hand. If left alone, he would remain quiet; but if he heard any one

stepping around, he would set up a squall, attracting attention to himself, and demanding to be taken up and carried, petted and cooed to

The life of an orang-outang in captivity, we have been told again and again, is two years. They die of tuberculosis.

However, the Sells-Floto folks have two orang-outangs that they have carried with them for three years—by name Barney and Estella. These babies were born in the circus. They are now four years old. They wear clothes without protest, and Barney obligingly buttons up Estella's dress in the back

Every day, for several hours, these orangs are out of their cage in absolute liberty. However, they are instructed not to go beyond certain bounds, and while they are not tethered in any way, or confined, they obey instructions.

They have a big square table on which they play, and on this table is a rigging similar to the mast on a ship. There are various ropes dangling, and these orang-outangs play up and down on the ropes

They have four hands instead of two,

because a human's foot is only a deformed hand. The orangs are ambidextrous, and the ease and grace and surety they show in climbing are very wonderful. All the time they are full of fun and play and frolic. They will take off the hat of a visitor and try it on their own heads. They will examine your watch, steal your handkerchief, and play rough-house, exactly as youngsters of the human species delight to do.

They chew gum, and are very grateful for it. And they divide good things between them. Barney will chew his gum and pass it along to his mate, and she will chew it awhile and pass it back

If one of these orang-outangs is carried away where he can not see the other, he is disconsolate, and will bump his head on the floor and cry in grief. Barney must know all the time where Estella is, otherwise his heart is broken. Sometimes, to get him going, she will hide down under the table, and then Barney plays "I-Spy," and hunts her up. They evidently have a pretty good idea of games—these same games that youngsters evolve for themselves, of pretending to hide and lying in wait, and

pouncing on each other, or pretending to fight and do each other violence.

These orang-outangs certainly have a distinct idea that they must not injure each other. And even in their practical jokes, they never go so far as to cause each other pain

They will bite the hand of a visitor, but very gently, so as never to leave a tooth-mark, and they never leave a tooth-mark on each other, nor do they scratch and strike with their hands.

* * * * * * * * *

There is only one man in America putting forth any claim to intellectuality who derides, today, the Darwinian theory. That man is William Jennings Bryan.

Probably Doctor Bryan never heard of Samuel Wilberforce and a remark he once made about Darwin and his work in the presence of Thomas Huxley. So I 'll print it here, and send Bill a marked copy.

The occasion was a meeting of a Scientific Society

The Origin of Species had been published the year before, and tongues were wagging. Darwin was not present, but Huxley, who

was known to be a personal friend of Darwin, was in his seat. The intent of the chairman was to keep Darwin and his pestiferous book out of all the discussion—Darwin was a good man to smother with silence

But Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, in the course of a speech on other subjects, began to run short of material, and so switched off upon a theme which he had already exploited from the pulpit with marked effect. All public speakers carry this boiler-plate matter for use in time of stress

The Bishop began to denounce "those enemies of the Church and Society who make covert attacks upon the Bible in the name of Science." He warmed to his theme, and by a series of misstatements and various appeals to the prejudices of his audience, worked the assemblage up to a high pitch of hilarity. Toward the close of his speech he happened to spy Huxley seated near, and pointing a pudgy finger at him, bellowed, "I beg to be informed if the learned gentleman before me is really willing to be regarded as the descendant of a monkey!"

¶ As the Bishop sat down, there was a wild

burst of applause and much laughter, but amid the din were calls, "Huxley ! Huxley !" These shouts increased, as it came over the people that, while the Bishop had made a great speech, he had gone a trifle too far in ridiculing a member who up to this time had been silent. The good English spirit of fair play was at work.

Still Huxley sat silent

Then the enemy, thinking he was vanquished, took up the cry with intent to add to his discomfiture—" Huxley ! Huxley ! "

¶ Slowly Huxley arose. He stood still until the last buzzing whisper had died away. When he spoke it was in so low a tone that the people leaned forward to catch his words

There was no jest in his voice or manner. The air grew tense.

His quiet reserve played itself off against the florid exuberance of the Bishop. The Bishop was not a man given to exact statements—his knowledge of science was general, not specific

Said Huxley, " Since a question of personal preference has been brought into the discussion of a great scientific theme, I will

confess that if the alternatives were a descent on the one hand from a respectable monkey, or on the other from a Bishop of the Church of England who could stoop to misrepresentation and sophistry, and who has attempted in this presence to throw discredit upon a man who has given his life to the cause of Science, then, if forced to decide, I would declare in favor of the monkey."

When Huxley took his seat, there was a silence that could be felt.

Several ladies were in tears. There were fears that the Bishop would reply, and to keep down such a possible unpleasant move, the audience now applauded Huxley roundly, and amid the din the chairman declared the meeting adjourned.

From that time forward Huxley was famous throughout England as a good man to let alone in public debate.

* * * * * * * * *

The Sells-Floto people have eliminated tuberculosis through fresh air, exercise, right diet, and the happy habit

In Denver, at their Winter Quarters, the monkeys run out in the snow all Winter. In

the cages are steam-pipes, but above the cages are big, open spaces, and the monkeys run in and out at will. They roll in the snow, snowball each other, tumble, frolic like boys out of school.

And when their toes get cold they will scoot down and sit by the steam-pipes until they get dry and warm, and then they are out at it again.

The love of Nature gives the monkey health, the same as it does men.

There is no substitute for fresh air and exercise. Play is a necessary element in health

Only healthy people reproduce themselves. It is exactly the same with the monkey tribe

A vegetable diet, with a plentiful supply of fresh air, is the simple law of dietetics with both monkeys and men.

Our Christian friends used to deny the immortality of everything except man, the idea being that man is something peculiar, distinct, and beyond and above Nature. Man was created, they said, by fiat, although it was possible that other animals were evolved

I believe now that even Billy Sunday does not claim to know whether monkeys have souls or not; and Billy Sunday is the world's great expert on the unknowable. ¶ Billy is n't a man of intellect. No one claims him as such, and I believe that neither does he make the proud boast for himself that he is a man of reason. All of his claims are based on printed authority, and when you ask him for a reason, he quotes you from a book first issued in parts, in Asia, several thousand years ago. ¶ Billy claims, however, that there is no reason to suppose that your dog, and horse, and cow, and rabbits, and birds, and white mice, and monkeys, will be in the Paradise that he depicts. He uses the phrase, " Die like a dog," although he tells us that the infidel will not even be allowed to do this much

To die like a dog and forget, and sleep a dreamless sleep, is n't so bad; but the infidel, according to Billy, is going to live on and on forever in Hell. And in Hell, according to the Billy doctrine, there are various animals and brutes devised and created for the special purpose of torment-

ing the souls of men who, in life, did not agree with the Billy philosophy.

Smile, everybody, and let these things pass, even in spite of the Hepburn Bill!

Alfred Russel Wallace says that man is happy, evolving, contented, only when engaged in the domestication of animals; that through man's care of animals, his love for them, is he united to the universal world of life. And no man has ever been able to show us where the dividing-line is between the animal and the vegetable kingdom.

We are happy, and well, and strong, and efficient, only when we are working with Nature. There is no vegetation without animals, and without vegetation there are no animals. The animal and the vegetable kingdom are complementary parts of each other. Man is a manifestation of Nature. Man's business is to obey Nature, work with Nature, manipulate Nature, use Nature.

¶ The Sells-Floto Circus is managed by sober, sincere, earnest, kindly, gracious gentlemen who love the animals that are in their charge, who constantly study their needs, and who give them a never-ceasing care and attention, day and night, Winter

and Summer, in sunshine and storm, on the railroad or in the city, under the tents or in the open air and these men are to me eminently worthy of the highest respect that we can give to any of our fellow-men. ¶ Is not their business much more beautiful than that, say, of these men who set themselves up as being something better and above Nature, and who deny immortality to the so-called brute, and yet would give it to another kind of brute that calls himself a man? Once again, everybody smile, and pity the child that does n't have pets in the way of living things, be they flowers, vegetables or animals. Also pity the men who do not love horses, dogs, cats, babies, women, men and monkeys.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, immediately following the big exhibition in the Main Tent, a concert will be given to which you are all invited. The gentlemanly ushers will now pass among you with tickets—all for the small sum of ten cents, one dime, two nickels! Thanking you, one and all, for your kee-ind attention, I now bid you au reservoir and oshkerspeil. May you all live long and prosper!

SELF-PITY

There is only one calamity, and that is to outlive love.



ELF-PITY is the act of feeling sorry for yourself. You sit down and weep because you are not appreciated, or loved, or worshiped as you feel you should be ❧

Not being appreciated, you cast about for reasons. It is only a step then to find them. You are hated—folks are plotting against you.

When you pity yourself you begin to think of yourself as the center of creation, a sort of central sun around which the stars revolve—or should. You are out of focus.

¶ Unconsciously, the self-pity habit brings indifference, then pity, then the contempt of everybody with whom the individual associates.

We had better take the bumps that life sends and regard them as lessons. Life is a struggle against our own limitations. If we pity any one, let 's pity the folks who have to live with us ❧

It is a great privilege to live, to engage in the struggle of existence, to fight for that which is right, and, if need be, to suffer and die for it

To have pain is proof that you are alive. Dead ones have no pain. Those who are alive are bound to suffer. This is a part of the great education of every individual who really lives and achieves. And to live, in itself, is an achievement

To go down and acknowledge you are down is the only defeat. When you indulge in self-pity you are on the slide, reaching for the swab.

Man's business is to surmount, to arise, to aviate, and when he begins to help himself he grows strong, and everybody will help him

Self-pity is the first symptom of paranœa. And paranœa is a disease of the brain that comes from continually thinking of one's own self and dwelling on slights and fancied insults.

If we fail in an undertaking we blame others. If we succeed we take all the credit to ourselves. It is very much easier to blame some one else than to face the issue; and so we

hide our blunders behind an excuse, evolve self-pity, explain the matter to any one who will listen, to get them, if possible, to help feel sorry for us.

Self-pity evolves hypocrites, who pretend that they feel sorry for us, when the fact is that, down deep in their hearts, they think less of us for every whine, every grouch and every growl.

When we explain, when we accuse, when we denounce others, self-pity begins to consume us, and power takes wing

Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. Keep your mouth closed, your eyes open, and breathe through your nostrils. Don't bewail unkind Fate. Don't try to lay the blame on others.

Time is the great adjuster of all wrongs, and in the course of even a short lifetime we get all the love that is due us. That is to say, we get all that we give.

Is hate my portion just now? Bless me, when did I pass that out?

Life is a shooting of the chutes. Take your bumps, and don't whine. There are quiet and safety, and rest and silence, down at the bottom where we are headed for, and

there will be plenty of time to enjoy them, too. But just now there is work to do.

Let 's be grateful that we are alive. There are more than ninety million folks in America who never played you a single nasty trick. There 's work to do. Ring in, and at it !



THE TITANIC

Would you have your name smell sweet with the myrrh of remembrance and chime melodiously in the ear of future days, then cultivate faith, not doubt, and give every man credit for the good he does, never seeking to attribute base motives to beautiful acts. We are all heroes in process.

IT is a night of a thousand stars. The date, Sunday, April Fourteenth, Nineteen Hundred Twelve. The time, eleven-twenty P. M. ¶ The place, off Cape Race—that Cemetery of the Sea.

Suddenly a silence comes —the engines have stopped—the great iron heart of the ship has ceased to beat.

Such a silence is always ominous to those who go down to the sea in ships.

"The engines have stopped!"

Eyes peer; ears listen; startled minds wait!

¶ A half-minute goes by.

Then the great ship groans, as her keel grates and grinds. She reels, rocks, struggles as if to free herself from a titanic grasp, and as she rights herself, people standing reach out to steady themselves

Not a shock—only about the same sensation that one feels when the ferryboat slides into her landing-slip, with a somewhat hasty hand at the wheel

On board the ferry we know what has happened—here we do not.

"An iceberg!" some one cries.

The word is passed along.

"Only an iceberg! Barely grated it—sideswiped it—that is all! Ah, ha!"

The few on deck, and some of those in cabins peering out of portholes, see a great white mass go gliding by.

A shower of broken ice has covered the decks. Passengers pick up specimens "for souvenirs to carry home," they laughingly say

Five minutes pass—the engines start again—but only for an instant.

Again the steam is shut off. Then the siren-whistles cleave and saw the frosty air.

Silence and the sirens! Alarm, but no tumult—but why blow the whistles when there is no fog!

The cold is piercing. Some who have come up on deck return to their cabins for wraps and overcoats

The men laugh—and a few nervously smoke.

It is a cold, clear night of stars. There is no moon. The sea is smooth as a Summer pond

The great towering iceberg that loomed above the topmost mast has done its work unperturbed, gone on, disappeared, piloted by its partners, the darkness and the night.

¶ "There was no iceberg—you only imagined it," a man declares.

"Go back to bed—there is no danger—this ship can not sink, anyway!" says the Managing Director of the Company

In the lull of the screaming siren, the hoarse voice of the Captain is heard calling through a megaphone from the bridge—

"My men: Remember you are Britons! Man the lifeboats! Women and children first!!"

"It sounds just like a play," says Henry Harris to Major Butt.

Stewards and waiters are giving out life-preservers and showing passengers how to put them on

There is laughter—a little hysteric. "I want my clothes made to order," a woman

protests. "An outrageous fit! You have given me a man's size!"

The order of the Captain is taken up and repeated by other officers—"Man the life-boats! Women and children first!!"

"It's a boat-drill—that's all!" a passenger says.

"A precautionary measure—we'll be going ahead soon," says George Widener to his wife, in reassuring tones as he holds her hand

Women are loath to get into the boats. Officers seize them, and half-lift and push them in. Children, crying, and some half-asleep, are passed over into the boats.

Mother-arms reach out and take the little ones. Parentage and ownership are lost sight of.

Some boats are only half-filled, so slow are the women to believe that rescue is necessary

The boats are lowered, awkwardly, for there has never been a boat-drill on this ship, and assignments are being made haphazard

A sudden little tilt of the deck hastens the proceeding. The bows of the ship are

settling—there is a very perceptible list to starboard.

An Englishman, tired and blase, comes out of the smoking-room, having just ceased a card-game. He very deliberately approaches an officer who is loading women and children into a lifeboat.

The globe-trotter is filling his pipe. "I si, orficer, you know; what seems to be the matter with this bloomin' craft, you know?"

"Fool," roars the officer, with a pardonable oath, "the ship is sinking!"

"Well," says the Englishman, as he strikes a match on the rail, "Well, you know, if she is sinking, just let 'er down a little easy, you know."

John Jacob Astor half-forces his wife into the boat. She submits, but much against her will. He climbs over and takes a seat beside her in the lifeboat. It is a ruse to get her in—he kisses her tenderly—stands up, steps lightly out and gives his place to a woman

"Lower away!" calls the officer.

"Wait—here is a boy—his mother is in there!"

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"Lower away!" calls the officer—"there is no more room."

Colonel Astor steps back. George Widener tosses him a woman's hat, picked up from the deck. Colonel Astor jams the hat on the boy's head, takes the lad up in his arms, runs to the rail and calls in mock plaint, "You won't leave this little girl, will you?"

¶ "Drop her into the boat," shouts the officer. The child drops into friendly hands as the boat is lowered.

Astor turns to Widener and laughingly says, "Well, we put one over on 'em that time."

"I 'll meet you in New York," calls Colonel Astor to his wife as the boat pulls off

A man runs back to his cabin to get a box of money and jewels. The box is worth three hundred thousand dollars. The man changes his mind and gets three oranges, and gives one orange each to three children as they are lifted into safety.

As a lifeboat is being lowered, Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus come running with arms full of blankets, brought from their stateroom. They throw the bedding to the people in the boat

"Help that woman in!" shouts an officer. Two sailors seize Mrs. Straus. She struggles, frees herself, and proudly says, "Not I—I will not leave my husband." Mr. Straus insists, quietly and gently, that she shall go. He will follow later

But Mrs. Straus is firm. "All these years we have traveled together, and shall we part now? No, our fate is one."

She smiles a quiet smile, and pushes aside the hand of Major Butt, who has ordered the sailors to leave her alone. "We will help you—Mr. Straus and I—come! It is the law of the sea—women and children first—come!" said Major Butt.

"No, Major; you do not understand. I remain with my husband—we are one, no matter what comes—you do not understand!"

"See," she cried, as if to change the subject, "there is a woman getting in the lifeboat with her baby; she has no wraps!"

Mrs. Straus tears off her fur-lined robe and places it tenderly around the woman and the innocently sleeping babe

William T. Stead, grim, hatless, with furrowed face, stands with an iron bar in his

hand as a lifeboat is lowered. "Those men in the steerage, I fear, will make a rush—they will swamp the boats."

Major Butt draws his revolver. He looks toward the crowded steerage. Then, as he puts his revolver back into his pocket, smiles. "No, they know we will save their women and children as quickly as we will our own."

Stead tosses the iron bar into the sea.

He goes to the people crowding the after-deck. They speak a polygot language. They cry, they pray, they supplicate, they kiss one another in frenzied grief.

John B. Thayer, George Widener, Henry Harris, Benjamin Guggenheim, Charles M. Hays, Mark Fortune, Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Straus, move among these people, talk to them and try to reassure them

There are other women besides Mrs. Straus who will not leave their husbands. These women clasp each other's hands. They look into each other's eyes, they smile—they understand!

Mr. Guggenheim and his secretary are in full dress. "If we are going to call on

Neptune, we will go dressed as gentlemen," they laughingly say.

The ship is slowly settling by the head.

¶ The forecastle is below the water.

The decks are at a vicious angle.

The icy waters are full of struggling people.

¶ Those still on the ship climb up from deck to deck.

The dark waters follow them, angry, jealous, savage, relentless.

The decks are almost perpendicular. The people hang by the rails.

A terrific explosion occurs—the ship's boilers have burst.

The last lights go out.

The great iron monster slips, slides, gently glides, surely—down—down—down—into the sea

Where once the great ship grandly floated, there is now a mass of wreckage, the dead, the struggles of the dying, and the great black all-enfolding night.

Overhead, the thousand stars shine with a brightness unaccustomed

They are not disturbed. They have beheld sights and scenes like these before. What is the sinking of an "unsinkable ship"

when you have seen galleys galore go down to their death in a mad mass; armadas tossed like cockleshells and destroyed; nations wither and perish; cities engulfed, and all the pride and pomp of circumstance laid low!

The stars, and the waves that mirror their loveliness, hug to their hearts the secrets of a million tragedies such as this.

Wait, and tomorrow you shall look long and closely before you are able to detect a trace of where that thing called the *Titanic* once roiled the waters that parted at her gliding as she proudly plowed the deep

Four days, and four days only, she joyed and toyed with her title, "Queen of the Sea," and then she played forfeit with it once and forever.

Ah, by the breath of the North Wind, and his allies, the Rocks, the Ice and the lashing, rushing, angry Ocean, man is not master of this planet, yet

The Strauses, Stead, Astor, Butt, Harris, Thayer, Widener, Guggenheim, Hays—I thought I knew you, just because I had seen you, realized somewhat of your able

qualities, looked into your eyes and pressed your hands, but I did not guess your greatness

You are now beyond the reach of praise—flattery touches you not—words for you are vain.

Medals for heroism—how cheap the gilt, how paltry the pewter!

You are beyond our praise or blame. We reach out, we do not find you. We call, but you do not hear

Words unkind, ill-considered, were sometimes flung at you, Colonel Astor, in your lifetime. We admit your handicap of wealth—pity you for the accident of birth—but we congratulate you that as your mouth was stopped with the brine of the sea, so you stopped the mouths of the carpers and critics with the dust of the tomb.

If any think unkindly of you now, be he priest or plebeian, let it be with finger to his lips, and a look of shame into his own calloused heart

Charles M. Hays—you who made life safe for travelers on shore, yet you were caught in a sea-trap which, had you been manager of that Transatlantic Line, would never

have been set, baited as it was with human lives

You placed safety above speed. You fastened your faith to utilities, not futilities. You and John B. Thayer would have had a searchlight and used it in the danger-zone, so as to have located an iceberg five miles away. You would have filled the space occupied by that silly plunge-bath (how ironic the thing when the ship had the whole Atlantic for a plunge) with a hundred collapsible boats, and nests of dories.

You, Hays and Thayer, believed in other men—you trusted them—this time they failed you. We pity them, not you

And Mr. and Mrs. Straus, I envy you that legacy of love and loyalty left to your children and grandchildren. The calm courage that was yours all your long and useful career was your possession in death.

You knew how to do three great things—you knew how to live, how to love and how to die

Archie Butt, you were a newspaperman and a soldier. Everything you attempted you did gracefully and well. The gloss and glitter on your spangled uniform were pure

gold. I always suspected it. You tucked the ladies in the lifeboats, as if they were going for an automobile-ride. "Give my regards to the folks at home," you gaily called as you lifted your cap and stepped back on the doomed deck.

You died the gallant gentleman that you were. You helped preserve the old English tradition, "Women and children first."

All America is proud of you.

Guggenheim, Widener and Harris, you were unfortunate in life in having more money than we had. That is why we wrote things about you, and printed them in black and red. If you were sports, you were game to the last, cheerful losers, and all such are winners

As your souls play hide-and-seek with the sirens and dance with the naiads, you have lost interest in us. But our hearts are with you still. You showed us how death and danger put all on a parity. The women in the steerage were your sisters—the men your brothers; and on the tablets of love and memory we have 'graved your names.

¶ William T. Stead, you were a writer, a thinker, a speaker, a doer of the word. You

proved your case; sealed the brief with your heart's blood; and as your bearded face looked in admiration for the last time at the twinkling, shining stars, God in pardonable pride said to Gabriel, "Here comes a man!"

And so all you I knew, and all that thousand and half a thousand more, I did not know, passed out of this Earth-Life into the Unknown upon the unforgetting tide. You were sacrificed to the greedy Goddess of Luxury and her consort the Demon of Speed

Was it worth the while? Who shall say? The great lessons of life are learned only in blood and tears. Fate decreed that they should die for us.

Happily, the world has passed forever from the time when it feels a sorrow for the dead. The dead are at rest, their work is ended, they have drunk of the waters of Lethe, and these are rocked in the cradle of the deep. We kiss our hands to them and cry, "Hail and Farewell—until we meet again!"

THE HEALTH HABIT

Any man who looks to doctors and medicine to make him well and keep him well is headed for the monkey-house.

IF a man is sent to the penitentiary it is because he has disobeyed the laws of the land. Such a one is disgraced in the eyes of his friends and of society. ¶ If a man is sick it is because he has violated the laws of Nature—that is to say, the laws of God. And such a one, instead of feeling disgraced, often feels sorry for himself and explains his sad plight to any one and every one who will listen.

Man is made to be well and happy and useful. And if a person is happy, the probabilities are he will be well; and in order to keep well he has to be useful

Health is the most natural thing in the world. Nature is on our side. Health is the norm, and all Nature tends thitherward

Physicians nowadays do not talk about curing people. All the wise and good physician can do is to put the patient in line with

Nature. Nature heals, and all the healing forces of Nature are perfectly natural

We know the rules of health. Every one of common intelligence is familiar with them. The trouble is that many men consider themselves exceptions; and postponed punishment does not deter them from violating the laws of Nature.

We must not only know the rules of health and bear them in mind, but we must bring to bear will to see that we live them.

We have the knowledge, but we lack the technique; that is to say, we have n't got the habit

Health is a habit, and a vast number of people in America are getting it. They make it their business to be well every day and all the time, and the rules whereby they succeed are endorsed by every physician. First, think health, not disease.

Keep your mind on the ideal, and picture the strong, happy, self-reliant person that you would like to be.

Breathe deeply in the open air, holding the breath, then expelling it slowly through the nostrils

As a people, we eat about one-third more

than we really need, and so our energies are consumed in getting rid of the waste. ¶ The greatest disturber of health is fear. Fear means impaired circulation; impaired circulation means impaired digestion; imperfect digestion affects the entire program of life. To eliminate fear we must breathe more and eat less; work more and loaf less; praise more and scold less; love more and hate less.

Get the Health Habit, and associate with people who have it. It 's contagious.



MODERN EDUCATION

Education is an achievement—not a gift.



HE other day a man came to me, bringing with him his son, aged nineteen. The boy was quite as big as his father. The father requested that I would supply the young man a situation—in other words, give him a job or set him to work. I quite liked the looks of the youngster, and also wishing to accommodate the father, I cast around in my mind for some place that the boy could fill. And my first question was, "What can the young man do?"

And the father turned the calcium on the situation by promptly saying, with a look of tired surprise, "Why, he can't do anything—he is just out of college."

Recently, the Associated Press flashed the news that J. Pierpont Morgan has given ten thousand dollars to the Bowery Mission, "for the benefit of poor and needy college graduates."

And this was no pleasantry. As far as I know, nobody laughed.

Why are college graduates poor and needy?

¶ Why is anybody poor and needy?

There are only two reasons: that the individual has n't anything that the world wants, and can not do anything that the world wants done.

All down the centuries, men divided the world up into the doers and the thinkers.

The thinkers did no work, and the workers did no thinking

And the result was that both the work and the thinking were very illy performed.

We are now just realizing, for the first time in the history of the world, that, in order to do good thinking, a man must work with his hands a certain number of hours each day. He must live out in the open, and mix with the world of workers—the people who are doing things, and the men and women who go forth unto their labors until the evening

And thus out of his experiences his convolutions will be caused to vibrate.

The man who is going to do good work must be a thinker.

And the man who is going to do good thinking must be a worker

These things now sound like platitudes, and perhaps they are—pure bromides. But it is necessary that they should be affirmed again and again, for even yet there are schools and colleges that cultivate the education de luxe that is supposed to tend towards ease and honors.

There is only one State in the Union where school-gardens and actual outdoor work for every scholar in the public schools, from Kindergarten to High School, is being provided

This is the State of Oregon. We have manual training here and there, and occasionally school-gardens carried on by patriotic and public-spirited persons who form themselves into civic societies.

At Jamestown, North Dakota, the Northern Pacific Railroad joins hands with the public-school system, and the result is a most delightful exhibition, right at the railroad-station, of what big business can do when animated with a soul—a thing which, we have always been informed, corporations do not possess

Then there is the example of the National Cash Register folks, who maintained school-gardens ten years or more ago. Now the public-school system of Dayton has taken over this delightful betterment inaugurated by that strong and able man, John H. Patterson. But in Oregon the whole public-school system is committed to manual training and the school-garden

For the schoolteachers to inaugurate this great betterment without the backing up of public sentiment is too much to expect. But in Oregon we have the State Bankers' Association, the State Fair Board, the Normal Schools, the Agricultural Colleges, the various Ad-Clubs—all working together to a common end and for one purpose

I recently met the Oregon State Superintendent of Schools. It was at a midday luncheon of the Rotary Club, at Portland. These Rotary Clubs are clubs that make the wheels go round.

Superintendent Alderman was there to tell what he is doing, and trying to do, and hoping to do. And the Rotary boys, full of the right intent, were getting in line to do their share

Many of the city schools in Portland were not equipped, naturally, to carry out this work, and so they were encroaching on the Pingree preserve, utilizing vacant lots in the vicinity of the school

Each pupil had a little plot of ground of his own. A good deal of liberty was allowed, and the youngster made his selection of seeds or plants. Some were intent on raising flowers, but for the most part they were pragmatists, and were raising the things that had a genuine tangible value.

The Bankers' Association had offered prizes for each school, and also for individual scholars, for melons, beets, potatoes, corn. Then came a produce association and offered to buy all the popcorn, cantaloups and watermelons that the children would produce, at certain fixed prices.

Here was a chance to make sure-enough money, and the children were going right after it

Not only were these schoolchildren in Portland and the various other towns and cities, as well as the country districts in Oregon, raising flowers in gardens, but they were putting roses in their cheeks.

¶ Psychology now teaches us that happiness is the true end and aim of life. Unless we are happy in our work, filled with animation, hope and good-cheer, the physical faculties are retarded; mentality is stunted, and through lack of resisting-power, disease, want and woe wait just around the corner.

There is no prophylactic equal to a laugh.

¶ Nothing is so hygienic as success.

The birch, the ferrule and the cat-o'-nine-tails in pedagogy have been replaced by the hoe, the spade and the watering-pot.

¶ That old-time talk we used to hear about total depravity in children would now receive the pitying smile or the merry laugh should any one be so bold as to promulgate it.

We believe in the divinity of the child. We believe in the divinity of everybody; and we are beginning to think that bad folks are only good folks who have misdirected their energies.

Education lies in directing the efforts of the child in the right direction. By instinct, the child is a worker, but to him work is play if he does it of his own accord

As an educational factor, the utilization of the tendency to play is the greatest achievement of the times.

But if we are going to produce a world of workers, as we surely will, eliminating the drones and getting rid of the parasites, work must begin in childhood, and the earlier the better.

Manual training in high schools is of small avail when it is deferred too long

Here comes the Froebel Idea. One session a day—no more pale cheeks; no more hysteria; no more truants. And it seems that all progress in the line of pedagogy has come through carrying kindergarten methods into the higher grades.

And that is exactly what the people of Oregon are now doing. Governor West recently made a horseback tour of five hundred miles through the State, visiting schools. Everywhere, he reports, the school-garden idea is achieving success and solving problems

Oregon is leading the way. In all the States of the Union, however, efforts are being made along the same direction

We all know the commonsense plan of

teaching, but the difficulty lies in organizing the parents so that they will work with the teachers. The problem of a schoolteacher is to manage the parents.

Oregon does not allow the parents to stand off and criticize. They are pulled into the game and animated to do their share

And to this end, Superintendent Alderman told me he had discovered that the majority of children who had become interested in school-gardens in connection with the school-work had also little gardens of their own at home

And so prizes have been offered to the children for the best home-gardens, as well as for the best school-gardens. There is a great advantage in getting a child to go ahead and do something on its own initiative; and with the consent and aid of its parents this garden-work carried on outside of the school-work is a very great aid to the school

And these home-gardens, or back-yard miniature farms, are proving one of the most helpful and hopeful adjuncts to the work of the schoolteacher.

Things done in the school that are not done

in the home will always be foreign to the child and subject to more or less criticism from the parents. But when we get the parents interested, the problem of education is pretty nearly solved

Strictly speaking, the natural teacher is the mother. Unfortunately, in the times in which we live she can not cover the whole range of physical and mental training—hence the necessity of the school. But any school that leaves the parents out of the equation is faulty in the extreme.

There was a time when the rewards and honors of the world went to one man, and this man was the destroyer. The man who could kill most and destroy most was king by divine right. Ease, honors, rewards, all were his

Up to very recent times the honors in society have been given to doctors, lawyers, preachers, missionaries, and the man who wrote poems, painted pictures, carved statues, and made us either laugh or cry, by his antics on the stage

In future, the rewards and honors will go to the builders, the creators, and to the men who make two blades of grass grow

where there was none before. Business today is the science of human service. And most of our big businessmen were once farmer boys

The farmer is the man who has always fought freedom's battles. Big ideas, big reforms, come from the country.

The farmer boys, going up to the cities, are the men who have always taken them captive

The message written by men who can do things, men of experience, men who have toiled with the workers in the world of work—these are the men, and the only men, whose words have ever had an abiding value

We will have better poems, better pictures, better statues, better histories, than the world has ever seen, because the work will not be done by specialists trained to do one thing and unable to do anything else.

¶ High prices of living, with a return to the soil, and the teaching of Nature, will solve many of our problems that the world heretofore has struggled with in vain.

THE SECRET OF POWER

Power gravitates to the man who can use it; and love is the highest form of power that exists.



MAN is a transformer of energy. This energy plays through him. In degree he can control it, manipulate it, use it, transmit it. And the secret of being a good transmitter is to allow motion to equal emotion ✱

To be healthy and sane and well and happy you must work with your hands as well as your head. The cure for grief is motion. The recipe for strength is action. To have a body that is free from disease and toxins, you must let motion equal emotion.

Love for love's sake creates a current so hot that it burns out the fuse. But love that finds form in music, sculpture, painting, poetry and work is divine and beneficent beyond words. That is, love is an inward emotion, and if stifled, thwarted, and turned back upon itself tends to gloom, melancholy, brooding, jealousy, rage, disease and death ✱

But love that is liberated in human effort attracts love; so a current is created and excess emotion is utilized for the good not only of the beloved, but of the race. Art is the utilization of love's exhaust.

The love that lasts is a trinity—I love you because you love the things that I love.

¶ A lover out of a job is a good man for a girl to avoid

Safety lies in service. All emotion that takes the form of ecstasy with no outlet in the way of work is dangerous. This way horror lies. Emotion without motion tends to madness and despair. Expression must equal impression. If you study you must also create, write, teach, give out. If great joy has come to you, pass it along, and thus do you double it. You are the steward of the gifts the gods have given you, and you answer for their use with your life. Do not obstruct the divine current. The college that imparts knowledge, but supplies no opportunity for work, is faulty in the extreme. A school that does not supply work as well as facts is false in theory and wrong in practise. Its pupils do not possess health, happiness or power, except on a fluke.

¶ Emotion balanced by motion eliminates dead tissue and preserves sanity. For lack of motion congestion follows. All sickness comes from a failure to make motion balance emotion. Impress and express; inhale and exhale; work and play; study and laugh; love and labor; exercise and rest. Study your own case and decide to get the most out of life. Sickness, unhappiness, ignorance, all tend to inefficiency. And inefficiency is a sin

Realize that you are a divine transformer. Make motion equal emotion, and you will eliminate fear, round out the century run, and be efficient to the last. And to live long and well is to accept life in every phase—even death itself—and find it good.



IN VAUDEVILLE

True life lies in laughter, love and work.

THE success of modern vaudeville, from the salary point of view, has turned the heads of a good many girls at the glove-counter ✍

My old friend, Billy Gould, is running a weekly article in *Variety*, headed, "Getting a Start in Vaudeville." The curious thing about Billy's very entertaining dope is that he never tells how to get the start. Probably the reason he does not tell is because he does not know. Anybody who knows will not tell. Those who can, do; and those who can't, start a Dramatic School ✍

The fact is, there is no formula for getting a start. The thing all turns on personality. You can, or you can't! And those who can, can not tell how they do it. But depend upon this, the people who get big pay render a big service—in vaudeville or anything else.

I know dozens of people who can give just as good a performance as Alice Lloyd—and they admit it—but we would all pay them good money to desist

I suppose that every one meeting with a degree of success on the vaudeville stage is being constantly importuned by the would-bes. The would-bes are very sure that the managers have it in for them; just as most young writers regard publishers as being in conspiracy against budding genius.

The fact is, publishers are always on the lookout for good stuff; and the people who hire vaudeville talent are praying hard that they may make a find. Any one who can do anything a little better than anybody else is going to get a quick hearing and a big contract

My advice, however, to any one about to enter vaudeville would be this: Don't!

¶ Seemingly the pay is large for the service rendered. People say: "Only twenty minutes afternoon and evening! What do you do with all the rest of your time?" The fact is that that twenty minutes, afternoon and evening, burns up all your phosphorus, and between times you are getting

ready for the next twenty minutes and getting over the last. No good player ever grows blase and calloused. That awful twenty minutes is standing right out before him from the moment he awakens; and the better you play, the more the thing stands on the footboard and leers at you.

¶ When, at one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, a newspaperman found Lincoln all a-tremble just before he was to speak, the man said, "Can it be possible, Mr. Lincoln, that you who have been speaking in public for years are thus agitated before making a speech?" And Mr. Lincoln replied, "Young man, I have spoken well."

Life-insurance actuaries tell me that actors are the most hazardous risk they are called upon to carry. There is only one profession that involves a greater physical risk, and that one you would never guess in a thousand years, and so I will tell you: it is the office of Catholic priest

A ripe old age to a priest or to an actor is a positive miracle. But actors do not die young for the same reason that priests do. Priests die young because they are good—and for a few other minor reasons. The

actor dies young because he is mentally short-circuited. During that intense twenty minutes he is carrying ten thousand volts on a line that is only built for a thousand.

¶ In vaudeville there is very seldom reciprocity complete between the audience and the actor. The actor stands out there alone and does his stunt without the collaboration that art requires. This is why he is emptied and exhausted with his effort of twenty minutes. The pressure is not the same on the outside that it is in. He is doing his work in a vacuum.

You say that one hundred dollars a week is big pay for this little bit of fun and frolic. I think one hundred dollars a week is very small pay indeed; and depend upon this, the man who gets five hundred dollars a week in vaudeville does not get a cent more than he is worth

When you get one thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand dollars a week, you are then not only doing the work but supplying the usufruct, or the cumulative good name and good-will of a life that has done big

That is, when they pay Uncle Joe Cannon

three thousand dollars a week, they pay not only for his performance, but for the use of his good name and his record—with the momentum of great thoughts, great deeds, and big, bitter fights in the imminent deadly breach

In vaudeville the intensity of the work makes the business decidedly narrowing. Any one with mental ambitions and aspirations can not afford to go on the vaudeville stage. The leisure, the peace, the equanimity, and the big, broad out-of-doors are to such a one lost and tabu forevermore.

¶ You live in this narrow world of the mime, and your little life is bounded by the boards—the footlights to the South, the wings to the East and West, and North of you is the olio.

Above, in the clouds, partially overhanging you, with grim-set faces, sometimes pickled in alcohol, crouches that thousand-headed thing called the gallery

Inside, you are ready to burst. Outside is the vacuum which you, yourself, are obliged to fill, or else be smothered through the lack of the reciprocal pressure which holds the planets in space. A vaudeville audience,

having paid its money, does not laugh until forced to. But if the patrons of vaudeville would limber up and help the players more, they would get a deal better show. Try it!

¶ I know one splendid man and woman who have done one sketch for fourteen years. They do their work superbly well, but they can never do anything else. They have dreams of an ideal play, and they work at it in fractions and sections, but they will never get it together and put it over. A booking-office can not exactly turn them down, so they are given work one week out of four or one week out of six. You see, they have worked the territory until they are no longer a novelty, and other and younger people have come along and are pushing them to the wall

Vaudeville, like all acting, is not a good preparation for old age. The continual travel fixes the wanderlust in the being in a way that it can only die with him. I am glad to see, however, that there is a tendency among some of the best vaudeville people to invest their money in real estate and have a farm somewhere in the hills, that they can turn to as a refuge. Billy

Van, for instance, has never let the stage cheat him out of his love for the soil. Mr. and Mrs. James Barry are also country folks; and dozens more could be named similar to these. Most vaudevillists dive into the game and play it with such abandon that they die in it, like dear, old Harry Lee —Whitehorse Harry—one of the most handsome and impressive men it was ever my good fortune to meet. Harry was planning big things; and while on his way to meet an engagement the doctors ordered him to the hospital. In a week he was dead—the new play in manuscript under his pillow

I noticed there was very little jealousy, if any at all, among the vaudeville players; whereas, in the legitimate drama it often happens that each actor thinks that everybody else in the play is working against him. In vaudeville, however, you do your own work, and each act is chopped off separate and complete from what has gone before and from what follows

You stand on your own merits, sink or swim, survive or perish. There is only one man who can unhorse you, and that is the

leader of the orchestra. Every good vaudevillist who requires music in his "turn" hates the orchestra leader with an undying scorn. Always and forever as the breathless and irate actor rushes from the stage, he informs the onlookers in the wings, thus: "He crabbed my laugh, he crabbed my laugh!"

That is to say, the leader played too fast or too slow, and smothered the applause to which the act was legally entitled.

The poor leader certainly has his work cut out for him. Not only does he have to stand as the butt of the jokes, and pass up the prop bouquet; but if things go well he gets no credit, and if they go ill it is simply because he could not read music if it was a foot high

The next antipathy of the vode is for the legit. All vodes, if they are working at all, have money. Very few legits do. Whenever a vode has a week off, he goes and hangs around the theater where he played last. This is his home, his inn, his own familiar dwelling-place, and the stage-hands and actors are his family and friends.

When a legit strays into a vaudeville house

it is only for one purpose, and that is, to borrow money. I was just tugging at my collar, getting ready to go on, when in walked Scream Welch—his own act out of the way and therefore ready for conversation. He sat down on my trunk, and turning his Ben Butler eye toward the ceiling remarked, "Damn the whole bunch!" and then relapsed into silence.

I knew he wanted to tell me something, and so said, "Who are you talking about, Scream?"

"Oh, the legits!"

"What has happened now?"

"Well, one of them was just out in the hall and wanted to see you. I told him you could not see him and would not see him under any conditions, but if he would tell me what was the matter I would try and fix him out."

"He wanted to borrow five, and you loaned it to him," I said.

"Certainly! You can't let people starve, can you?"

I offered to pay Scream back the five, but he scorned to touch the money. It gave him such a delicious, secret pride, this

ability to minister to the starving legits, who doubtless had scorned him in days agone

Many stories at the expense of the legit one hears from the vodes. These are samples:

¶ A legit playing heavy parts was busted in a town. The villagers took up a collection and sent him on to the next place. Here he was going to retrieve his lost fortunes, and had arranged to put on the play of *Hamlet.* He arrived with his fur collar turned up around his ears and his nerve with him, for hope in the heart of a legit never dies. He climbed on to the village hack with the driver, and looking toward the hill a mile away, remarked: "What a beautiful sunset! What a beautiful sunset!"

And the yap who drove the hack remarked: "That haint no sunset. That 's the opery-house burnin' down!"

Another legit starts an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* show—Shakespeare no longer being appreciated. The treasurer runs away with the box-office receipts. The heavy ham who owns the show has an idea he will sic' the bloodhounds on the absconding treasurer. So they start the bloodhounds on the trail,

and they chase the treasurer twenty miles over the hills and far away. There they catch up with him; but he, being on good terms with the dogs, simply feeds them and starts an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* show of his own. So the legit is not only out of money, but loses his dogs

Stories like these, picturing the discomfiture of a legit, are accepted everywhere behind the scenes with relish.

In Saint Louis, something happened at one of my appearances which was not down on the official program.

I am booked to speak for twenty minutes, but I have discovered that twenty minutes straight off the reel is a little too much, and so I divide the thing up into a first appearance of twelve minutes—when I fire off a final skyrocket and bow myself off the stage under cover of the smoke

Usually there is a burst of applause; although on one occasion when I anticipated the applause it was not there, and when I came out to respond to the encore I appeared embalmed like black beetles in an amber of silence

The stillness engulfed me; and right at my

elbow in a box three feet away, I heard a lady's shrill voice shoot up above the orchestra, and the words she said were these: "Is that all that man does?"

This started a laugh, so I got my applause just the same, as I sent a sidelong grimace at the inquisitive dame and opened up my stops for Part Two.

But usually the appearance and the disappearance, off and on, now you see him and now you don't, is a great psychological move

So, in Saint Louis I had given my little twelve minutes straight, bowed off, jumped on again—for fear the applause would die away—ready to give the second edition. But, to my great surprise, as I appeared the second time, I bumped into a fat man who had already taken possession of the stage. This man had stepped out of a private box, in the interval of five seconds that I was gone.

There he stood, and the audience was applauding him, not me

The man who had jumped my claim was William Marion Reedy, writer, speaker, philosopher and dairyman. I had not seen

him before, although I was afterward informed that he was seated in the shadow in the right-hand box next to the stage—but here he was now, facing the audience. ¶ He looked to me as big as Jack Johnson. In any event, the audience was interested in him—as an audience is always interested in anything else than the actor if it has the ghost of a chance. Any harmless, unnecessary cat can get a hand at any time if it strolls on the stage

And there stood Bill!

He waved a big, pudgy paw at me, motioning me off the stage. I retired, not knowing what else to do; and standing there in the wings I listened to him make this little speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It is my painful duty to inform you that the clever individual who has just entertained us is not Elbert Hubbard. He is somebody made up to impersonate him. I know Elbert Hubbard well, and I want to vindicate his good name here and now. Who this man is we have just seen I do not know, neither do I care; but I denounce him as a fraud and an impostor." And he retired from the stage.

¶ There was an interval of silence, then a wild yell of applause, and cries of "Hubbard! Hubbard!" I came out, but the audience was so full of jamake that I was not allowed to speak for a full minute. In the interval, I was cudgeling my brain what to say, and when I did speak I said something like this:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I do not know who this strange individual is who has come forward and explained to you that I am not Elbert Hubbard; but I wish now to make the frank confession that although I am not Elbert Hubbard, I am something just as good. My name is William Marion Reedy."

The point was a little too subtle; it was what you call a slow joke, but it finally got going, and the curtain fell as the orchestra started up with a crash and a bang for the next act

To show that I did not get the joke over as well as I hoped, the box-office told me afterward that more than twenty people demanded their money back, as they came to see the real Fra Elbertus—not a fake

THE AGE OF THE AUTO

There is nothing so good as the sun and the wind for driving the foolishness out of one.

WHAT the automobile is here seems to be a fact beyond cavil.

And that it is also here to stay may, I think, safely be assumed.

The questions then for us to consider are these:

First, Why is it here?

Second, What is its effect upon society?

Third, What is its effect upon the individual who owns one?

As to why the auto is here, let it first be recorded that man is a migratory animal. The protest of the child, "I want to go somewhere," is a part of the race instinct and is not to be silenced. Man can not down nor still this universal desire for motion, movement, action—"to go somewhere."

The auto is here in answer to prayer, for "Prayer is the heart's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

Everything new in the world is the result of a want. If there had not been a desire for a

horseless carriage, the inventors would not have imagined one, and then made the dream come true.

The auto is a result of the Law of Demand and Supply, in motion

The desire to travel from place to place, rapidly and easily, is one of the signs of the times. It is a matter of human communication, a getting together of humanity—a big factor in human brotherhood.

In point of importance, the production of things comes first. Second in importance comes their transportation.

Man makes things, then he transports them. Also, he transports himself.

Robert Fulton sent the *Clermont* on her trial trip up the Hudson, in Eighteen Hundred Seven

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the *Savannah*. This was in Eighteen Hundred Nineteen. And while an hon. gent. in the House of Commons was making a speech to the effect that no ship could carry enough fuel to feed her boilers on a transatlantic trip, the whistle of the *Savannah* was heard in the offing. She was answering his logic

Later, the argument was put forth that the carrying of this awful mass of fire in the hold of a boat was flying in the face of Providence, and disaster was sure to come to every ship that incurred the risk.

But the steamship had come to stay, and still plows the waters.

About Seventeen Hundred Ninety came the discovery that a wagon moving on a rail, instead of on the dirt, could carry double the load

The discovery by Watt of the expansive quality of water when subjected to heat gave the cue for the locomotive, which John Ruskin prophesied would ruin England. He declared that people would quit work to go trapesing up and down the land in search of thrills. And, personally, Ruskin moved to Coniston, a place where the " screech of the iron horse would never be heard."

But the railroad had come to stay.

Morse with his dot and dash came in Eighteen Hundred Forty-four as an added security—a necessity—in the running of trains in opposite directions on a single track

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, Graham

Bell, a canny Scot, gave us the telephone, in response to the universal desire for a quiet means of saying things to people out of sight. It was only a coup d'etat that gave Broadway a horse-railroad and banished the 'bus.

¶ Then came the cable-car, as an attempt to sidestep the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Our hearts bled for the poor old street-car horse, galled, limping, panting, that we might fly through space at the rate of six miles an hour.

As a lover of the horse and a breeder of horses, I hail the automobile with glad acclaim. Horses never commanded so big a price as they do today: and all the time the demand is for a higher-grade horse. Thus does the farmer thrive

The electric car arrived as a matter of course, for when people want a thing they get it. We reach up in the air or dig down in the ground, and lo! we find it, for everything is everywhere.

Natural gas was discovered and piped for light, heat and fuel when it was needed, and thus are the lords of electricity kept civil

In an attempt to render kerosene-oil non-

explosive—so many servant-girls going to the Other Side by the Kerosene Route—gasoline was removed from illuminating-oil by chemical process. Many good people preferred candles, and called kerosene a fad, and dangerous

Kerosene was worth twenty cents a gallon, and gasoline two cents. Gasoline was a glut on the market.

To utilize this dangerous by-product, the explosive engine was invented.

From a plaything of one to five horsepower, the gas-engine grew in power

The horseless carriage is in one sense a scheme for utilizing a by-product; just as art is love's by-product.

And behold! Kerosene is now cheaper, and of better quality, than it has ever been in the history of commerce. Kerosene is now the by-product, and thus does the proletariat wax glad and the farmer rejoice. If gasoline ever soars as high here as it has in France, we will use denatured alcohol made from mangel-roots and turnips

One great value of the auto to Society is that it relieves the streets of horses, and thus adds to sanitation and cleanliness.

¶ Three years ago, when the proprietor of a big hotel in New York asked the police to keep his curbs clear of cab-horses, he was denounced as finicky and fussy.

Now, no good hotel-man will allow horses to stand in proximity to his hostelry. One thing, horses attract swarms of flies in Summer, and their presence creates on paved streets an unsanitary condition all the time. Horses belong on the soil, anyway.

¶ The horse's hoof is made for the dirt

The auto adds to commerce the value of increased time, since it carries the man or the parcel to the desired place in less than half the time that horses can turn the same trick. Next, the auto brings the outlying sections into proximity to the city, since twenty miles with an auto is equal to six with a horse. Thus will suburban property be brought into market and take on a value otherwise impossible.

The telephone and the auto are doing away with the loneliness of the farm, and as a consequence farmers' wives have quit going insane as a business

The auto is here to stay, exactly as the steamship and the railroad are here to stay.

It can neither be laughed down nor argued down. When you see a man who tells you what is going to happen if this benzine-buggy craze does n't stop, he is one who is getting ready to buy a machine.

The subject of good roads is a vital one to the autoist; everywhere throughout the world the owners of autos are agitating the subject

In New York and in various other States of the Union, the money received from automobile licenses is being used for road-building purposes. The sum to be raised each year for good roads will exceed two million dollars.

The Romans of old built their famous roadways for but one purpose, and that was to transport an army quickly from one place to another. But, regardless of the motive, they taught the world a great lesson.

John Wesley says in his *Journal*, "I was beholden of the truth that farmers who live along a good road grow rich, while those who are on a bad road are usually very poor."

The farmers are not organized so as to build good roads. About all they have done is to patch bad ones. To make a good road

requires science, skill, money, and wise foresight. Good roads are built for the future, quite as much as for the fleeting present. ¶ The auto-owners are mostly men of affairs, and it can safely be said that all men of affairs are auto-owners.

The type of man who used to have a carriage and coachman is not your typical autoist. The auto-owner is a man with a fine scorn for ease and all soft luxury. His fad is motion.

He possesses initiative and is a good sportsman. Wherever he goes he does things, for beside being an auto-owner he is a farmer, and is fast becoming a lover of the country and a loving student of Nature.

Thus does the auto transform the man

The various automobile-clubs are banded together so that they can bring their influence to bear on legislation. The farmer is not a lobbyist, and his interests have been neglected. But now that the farmer and the auto-owner are grasping hands, this matter of good roads will not be allowed to palter, falter nor rest

The old-time Roman with his lust for conquest was the supreme type of road-builder.

But now a broader, better, finer and stronger man is coming in on his high speed, and this man is the autoist

He has all the enthusiasm of the Roman, and ten times his resources.

The boys with the autos are our modern "Invincible Tenth Legion."

The last question for us to consider is the effect of the auto on the owner and user.

¶ I suppose it does not have to be shown that the auto is run out of doors. Thus it gives a play of fresh air that is not possible to him who lingers close to the steam-heat.

¶ Man is a movable air-plant. He thrives only when he is in the open. Sun, wind, storm—all are things to which he must become inured. The auto takes you out of the crowded city, out of the fumes of noisome streets. It gives you an air-bath, and breathing more you think more, feel more, know more, live more.

To reside ten or twenty miles from business and take that trip night and morning would double the capacity of most men. The commuter in the smoker or "ladies' coach" absorbs a lot of bad air and silly conversation that have already been used

The auto subdues conversation to things that should be said, and eliminates most of the vacuous, mouthy nothings. That is, it gives you rest

As for the man who runs his own machine, there is demanded an exercise of eye and hand that develops judgment, skill, courage, and gives coolness to your cosmic engine under difficulties.

All these things must in a generation have a decided effect on the entire race. The North American Indian developed his noble body when he was obliged to hunt, and he lost his noble qualities, in great degree, when he was put on the Reservation and made to stay there with everything provided

The man with an auto is no Reservation Indian.

He travels far and fast. He is pretty nearly a freewill agent. He sees, hears, grows, hikes, honks and becomes. His face is bronzed by the kiss of the wind and the sun. His pulse is full and even. His appetite is prodigious. The auto is a great move in behalf of temperance. The man who runs a machine prizes his brain and rejoices in sinewy hands,

muscles of braided silk, and nerves of steel. Booze is for the wobbly and weak—your autoist will have none of it.

Thus does the auto make for sanity, sound sleep, efficiency, and length of days.

Within two years' time there has come about a very decided protest in public opinion against the auto scorcher

The pace is now becoming reasonable and moderate. The nervous novelty is wearing off. To fly through the land, run over chickens, kill dogs, scare horses and put wagons in the ditch is getting to be decidedly bad form. One reason is that the driver—owner or hired chauffeur—is now a sober man. He neither overeats nor overdrinks. A lifted hand will stop any machine, anywhere—this is today the rule

The natural goodness, decency and courtesy of strong and healthy men are being felt, for as we grow in health we evolve in consideration for the rights of others.

The licensing of chauffeurs is a good thing, and is having its effect on character.

¶ As for the extravagance of the people who buy a machine when they are not able to afford a baby-buggy, a word is in order.

¶ That many autos have been bought by those who have no business with one, is true. A new invention, like a new reform, is bound to lure a lot of the heedless and unthinking.

The world still has a full supply of the chuckleheaded

But there is one big protest against the extravagance of the automobile to which we should hearken. It comes from Wall Street. Look you! The small traders in Wall Street are buying autos, and thus have ceased to gamble. The joy of the auto has replaced the joy of the Bucket-Shop.

¶ The chances of being put into the financial ditch are replaced with the risks of the road. Take your choice—of two evils choose the lesser!

From an editorial in the *Milliners' Review*

I see that the milliners and dressmakers are suffering from this craze for the auto. One editorial says: "Many women who before were well gowned are now content with khaki and little, tight, homemade automobile-bonnets—anything that will keep the dust out of the hair. And when the husband lets his wife make choice between

beautiful party gowns or a new machine, she votes for the machine without a word."

¶ In the *Jeweler's Weekly*, I find a similar voice to this effect, "The diamond trade is suffering from this extravagance in automobiles."

A Fifth Avenue tailor, recently interviewed, says: "The genuine, well-dressed gentleman is getting hard to find. Instead of clothes made to measure, everybody is buying a ready-to-wear suit at half-price, saving the money for gasoline."

It will thus be plainly seen that there is going on an exchange of one extravagance for another, so the net loss is n't quite so bad as our pessimistic friends would have us think. We save on diamonds, picture-hats and party dresses, and this money goes into machines. Very well, let 'er go! The world is the gainer. It means tan, brawn, sound sleep and good digestion, against pale cheeks, weak eyes, and nerves that need a bracer

Then, note you this: The man with an auto takes the whole family with him; whereas the old-time sport with his fast horse had a one-man wagon and went alone. The wife

along is a governor to the social engine. Sure!
¶ Don't buy an auto if you don't see how to pay for it. Debt is a rope to your foot, cockleburs in your hair, a fly in the cold-cream of your beauty-dope. Keep within your financial speed-limit, or Fate, like a country constable, will surely pinch you. There is lots of fun in walking, yet
But extravagant and wasteful people have always lived. When Oliver Goldsmith dressed up the bailiffs and had them serve the feast, he was a fool as well as a poet. Look behind —also look in front—before you turn the corner into debt.
Any man who can afford an auto should have one. Moreover, he probably will
Also, anybody who insists on being extravagant and buying things he can't afford, will, until Gehenna congeals. The extravagant man has found a way to waste time and money since Adam and Eve were shop-lifters, and helped themselves to fruit and fig-leaves they could ill afford. But because there are extravagant people in the world is no reason, Terese, why we should have melancholia. Turn 'er over, and we 'll take a run out to old Aunt Mary's. Honk, honk!

NATURE'S SUPREME DESIRE

There can be no secret in life and morals, because Nature has provided that every beautiful thought you know and every precious sentiment you feel shall shine out of your face, so that all who are great enough may see, know, understand, appreciate, and appropriate. You keep things only by giving them away.



MAN is a product of Nature. ¶ Nature is the great ocean of intelligence in which we are bathed. Nature is the Spirit of Life that is everywhere manifest—in animals, birds, bees, butterflies, trees, flowers, plants, and even in the rocks. We are strong only as we lay hold on the forces of Nature, and move with them. ¶ Happiness, health, efficiency, and long life are possible to that individual only who obeys the laws of Nature.

All of our difficulties, heartaches, tears, fears and diseases come from violation of Nature's rules. If a man is sent to the penitentiary it is because he has broken the laws of the land. If he is sent to the hospital it is because he has violated the laws of Nature. In case he is sent to the penitentiary, the

man is disgraced and his one wish is to have society forget. In case he is sent to the hospital, he is supplied a topic of conversation, and often is boastful. To violate the laws of Nature marks the man as criminal, just as if he violated the laws of the State. And the world is rapidly coming to this view

As man evolves out of savagery, the manifestations of Nature alarm and fill his soul with fear.

He gives personality to the elements, and talks of the God of Thunder, of Lightning, of the Rain, the Wind, the Snow. And these things are appealed to in an endeavor to placate, cajole and propitiate. Here we get the basis of all superstition

Later, instead of praying for rain, we build irrigating-ditches, and lo, the prayers of labor are answered. And the desert blossoms like the rose, and the waste places are made green

From fearing the lightnings and trembling in dread and awe, we harness the electric current, and in fact produce it at will. Then we sometimes utilize it to kill undesirable citizens, dimly remembering in some way that its first purpose was to destroy.

¶ So we get the following proposition: First, we fear Nature. Next, in degree, we understand Nature. Then we manipulate Nature and think for her; and finally we control Nature.

We succeed only as we understand Nature, as we reverence her, as we love her.

The desire of Nature is to produce a Seeing Eye and an Understanding Heart.

Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her. It is Nature that plants in the mother-heart the love that is forever loyal.

¶ Nature cares for the unborn babe, feeds it, watches over it, fights for it, protects it, teaches it, and loves it—not only into being, but into manhood. And Nature is with us in old age, and then rocks us to sleep with a lullaby, as we dream again the dreams of childhood

At times, man has substituted his intellect for Nature's promptings. Intellect is a bright blade, newly discovered, which so far man has not fully accustomed himself to. And so, instead of using intellect for his advancement, he has used it to his disadvantage and has cut himself with the tool that was designed to serve him. He has

substituted mentality for intuition. Intuition is the whispered thought of Nature

Nature rewards her votaries with every blessing. She penalizes those who disregard her, flout her and despise her, and for them misery and woe await.

This great reverence of Nature now everywhere seen, is evolving a new race. It presages that Nature's wish to be loved and understood will eventually be achieved.

¶ What man's life will be when, as a people, we have studied the laws of Nature and learned to obey them automatically and through habit, no man can possibly say. Who can foretell what the ultimate result will be?

And when, at last, Nature has produced a being that is a part of Herself, and yet stands outside of Herself, and views Her and understands Her and loves Her, the object of the universe, seemingly, will have been attained.

A complete understanding of Nature would be Omnipotence

A man is a god in the chrysalis. And it doth not yet appear what he shall be.

SO HERE ENDETH THE GOODLY BOOK ENTITLED, *HOLLYHOCKS AND GOLDENGLOW*, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD AND EMBELLISHED WITH SPECIAL INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS. DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE, IN THE YEAR MCMXII



